

# The Monthly Chronicle

OF

## NORTH-COUNTRY÷LORE÷AND÷LEGEND

Vol. II.—No. 22.

DECEMBER, 1888.

PRICE 6D.

### The Thorngraston Find.

By J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D.

#### PART SECOND.

It is necessary now to speak of the historical value of the Thorngraston Find.

An opinion has been entertained that the two main features of the Roman Barrier in the North of England—the stone wall and the earthen rampart to the south of it—are separate works, erected at different periods. According to this theory, Hadrian reared the vallum or earthen rampart about the year 120, and Severus built the stone wall about the year 208.

This view has been strongly combated. Stukeley long ago, from an examination of the works themselves, pronounced them to be the result of one design—that neither of them was complete without the other. The Rev. John Hodgson, in his *History of Northumberland*, established by a variety of arguments the correctness of this view, and showed that Hadrian was the author of the whole design, and Severus only the restorer of such parts as had suffered dilapidation through the lapse of time or the injuries of war. The present writer has also endeavoured to maintain the same opinion.

Amongst the arguments used by Hodgson and others, a very cogent one is supplied by the Thorngraston Find. An examination of the coins shows that they have been issued at different periods. Amongst them are several belonging to the times of the Republic. These, as being the oldest and longest in circulation, are much worn. Then we have an Imperial series, nearly complete from Claudius down to Hadrian. The fact is important that the series ends with Hadrian, and at an early period of

his reign. The coins of Trajan, the immediate predecessor of Hadrian, are very numerous. There are fourteen of Trajan's reign, and only four which bear the impress of Hadrian. Now, this is exactly the state of things that we would expect to find in the year 120, the year in which

Hadrian came to Britain, after having been only three years on the throne. The coins of Trajan are in excellent preservation; those of Hadrian are as fresh as when they first left the mint. The woodcuts represent them.

These facts enable us to turn round upon those who maintain that Severus built the wall and say:—Here is the quarry from which the wall in this part of its course was built\*—when was it wrought? These coins give us an answer—in the reign of Hadrian—beyond the possi-



\* The stone of the wall opposite and the stone of Barcombe are identical.

bility of a doubt. If Severus had built the wall, some of the coins of that emperor, and very many of those of the Antonines who succeeded Hadrian, would have had a place in the Thorngrafton Find.

The neatness as well as the comparative conclusiveness of this argument has rendered it a favourite topic with the advocates of the claims of Hadrian.

We now enter upon the last stage of our little history. Mr. Clayton, of Chesters, Northumberland, has, during a long and laborious professional career, made the study of Roman antiquities an amusement of his leisure hours. He has done more than any other man to develop and preserve what remains to us of that extraordinary monument of imperial greatness, the Roman Wall in the North of England. He is happily the owner of long tracts of the best preserved portions of it. The hill of Barcombe is on his estate; and the stations of Vindolana, Borcovicus, and Procolitia, in its immediate vicinity, belong to him. At his residence, Chesters, on the North Tyne, the Cilurnum of the Romans, are preserved a number of noble altars, graceful statues, and other antiquarian remains dug out of these stations and other portions of his property. So long as the Thorngrafton Find remained in the hands of a rustic of scanty means and peculiar temper, the risk was great that the coins would one day be dispersed, and their historical value be by this means destroyed. It was of the utmost importance that they should be placed in a position of security, and yet be accessible to all legitimate inquirers. Every consideration pointed out the museum at Chesters as the fitting resting place of these historical pieces.

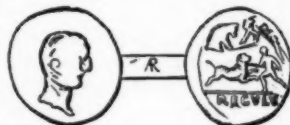
Mr. Clayton, with the advice and assistance of Mr. Fairless, in the autumn of the year 1858, succeeded in the acquisition of the treasure, which was effected in the following manner.

In the first place, Mr. Fairless informed William Pattison of Mr. Clayton's intention to visit him with the view of purchasing the coins, and advised him to listen to his proposal, for what good had they ever done either him or his brother?

Mr. Clayton, in the next place, visited his banker's, and filled his purse with fifty new, bright, golden sovereigns.

He then sought the desired interview at the small farm near the river Toppalt, held by William Pattison. Mr. Clayton found Pattison at home, and happily his wife was there too. The coins were produced, and the colloquy began. After some preliminary discussion, Mr. Clayton laid upon the table the sum which he offered in glowing gold. An effect was at once produced upon the lady of the house. She quickly sided with Mr. Clayton; she thought the new coins much prettier than the old, and much more likely to be useful. Her lord and master, however, resisted her suggestions, and expatiated upon the value of the treasure which he had so long held. "Think," said the man, "of the age of these coins, and do you want to persuade me that they are not worth

more than this?"—pointing to the gold. "Well, now, how old do you suppose they are?" said Mr. Clayton. "Well-nigh three thousand years," was the reply. "You are wrong there," said Mr. Clayton; "some of them date a little before the birth of Christ, but most of them after it; these of Hadrian cannot be earlier than the year A.D. 119." "I know better," said Pattison; and, by way of bringing his argument to a triumphant conclusion, produced his big family Bible, and began to search for a particular passage. Mr. Clayton naturally looked upon the proceeding with surprise; what had the Bible to do with the price of these coins? Strange to say, too, Pattison, instead of turning to the Acts of the Apostles, or to those epistles which have reference to the Roman empire, was scrutinizing some of the earlier portions of the Old Testament. At length his eye rested upon the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, and, pointing with his finger to the twenty-second verse, he read—"Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done many acts; he slew two lion-like men of Moab; also he went down and slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day." Both parties were now at a stand. Pattison was astonished that Mr. Clayton did not at once give in, and Mr. Clayton wondered what bearing this portion of holy writ had upon the question at issue. Pattison at length proceeded to explain. Selecting one of the silver coins (shown in the margin), he pointed to its "reverse." "Here," said Pattison, "is the very action recorded in the Chronicles." And then, moving his finger up to the top of the page at which his Bible



was open, he read, with an air of satisfaction, "Before Christ 1048." "That," said he, "is the date of this coin; and you know that 1048 added to 1859 makes 2907, not so far off 3000." [It was impossible to argue further with the man. If Mr. Clayton had happened to have Admiral Smith's book at hand, he might have succeeded in convincing Pattison of his misapprehension of the coin; as it was, he was obliged to have recourse to an indirect plea. "Well," said he, "I won't dispute the matter with you. Let me have the rest of the coins; and as you seem to attach so much value to this particular piece, I should be sorry to deprive you of it—only I will, in consequence, deduct one sovereign from the price that I have offered you." The man was staggered. He had a practical proof that Mr. Clayton did not attach the value to the coin that he

\* It may be proper here to give Admiral Smith's description of this reverse in "The Northumberland Cabinet of Roman Coins." "L(ucius) Regvlvs on the exergum. In the field, a gladiator armed with a spear, contending against a lion; while another gladiator above with sword and buckler is fighting a tiger; between the combatants is a squatting bear. . . . The type probably refers to the splendid games exhibited by Julius Caesar."

did, and he had a particular objection to forego the sovereign which was to be deducted if he kept the piece described in the first book of Chronicles. Pattison's wife availed herself of this moment of hesitancy. "Let the gentleman have them all," said she. "What good have they ever done us or your brother either? and we will take all the money." The fortress was carried. Pattison put his family Bible on the shelf, and the glittering sovereigns in his pocket; Mr. Clayton, with great satisfaction, brought away the skiff-shaped vessel with its three gold pieces and sixty silver ones, and the leather in which the *aurei* were wrapped—all which had been kept together for twenty-one years since their discovery.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." How often does the attainment of an object of ardent desire give rise to anxieties that were not previously experienced! It was most desirable that the owner of the hill Barcombe, and the stations, and the Roman Wall in its vicinity, should possess the skiff of coins which illustrated the proceedings of the Romans in this district; and, after much delay and considerable difficulty, he actually found himself in the possession of them. But now the thought obtruded itself upon his mind, that these coins had been claimed for the Duke of Northumberland, and his right to them had been proved by process of law. True, Hugh, the third duke, in whose name the claim had been made, was no longer living; but his successor represented him. Doubtless, the original holder of the treasure had attained a certain right to it by suffering a twelve-months' imprisonment, but this at best was but a dishonourable evasion of the legal claim. Mr. Clayton, therefore, resolved to place his newly-acquired possession at the disposal of his friend, Algernon, the fourth Duke of Northumberland. He accordingly wrote to him, telling him of the purchase, and requesting to know his pleasure respecting the ultimate destination of the coins. I do not know what Mr. Clayton's feelings were after despatching his letter. Had I been in his position, I should have suffered a considerable amount of anxiety lest the duke should express a desire that the coins should be sent at once to Alnwick Castle; and when the letter containing the response, addressed in his Grace's well-known hand, arrived, I know with how much eagerness I should have torn it open to ascertain its purport. The answer came in due course; and if Mr. Clayton had previously entertained any anxiety upon the subject, it was at once removed. The duke wrote thus:—

Alnwick Castle, 17th Nov., 1858.

My dear Sir,—I am delighted that the Thorngraston Find is in your possession; it could not be in more worthy hands. It may add to the treasures of the Chesters museum, but it cannot add to the pleasures that Chesters and its hospitable inmates always give your friends.

I am, my dear Sir,

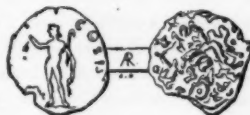
Yours faithfully,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Great was the rejoicing among the antiquaries of the district when it became known that the coins had been

brought from their hiding place. Those who advocated the claims of Hadrian to the honour of building the Roman Wall were especially jubilant at the thought that the Thorngraston Find was safe. With glee they began (with the owner's permission) to examine and re-examine this tangible and incontrovertible argument—this demonstrative proof of the falsity of the claims of Severus.

Suddenly their glee had a check. The boldest of them "held their breath for a time." The cause of their perplexity was a little ugly coin of which, in the first edition of my account of the wall, neither Mr. Fairless nor I could make anything. The obverse of the coin was much corroded, and a good impression in sealing-wax could not be taken from it. The wax adhered to the cavities of the metal. But such as it was, this impression was all that we had to work by. Mr. Fairless and I could not make it out. Anyone who looks at the woodcut in the margin will not be much surprised at this. We, therefore, were obliged to rank it in the class of "consular coins and others." When the coins



came into the hands of Mr. Clayton, the pieces were, one by one, minutely examined. The coin in question was judged to be an imperial one, but some doubt was entertained as to the precise emperor to whom it belonged. A painful thought passed across the minds of some that it had a sort of family likeness to the denarii of Severus or his sons; but the idea was at once banished as preposterous and impossible. However, to set conjecture at rest, the coin was sent to that able antiquary, Mr. C. Roach Smith. His verdict quenched all hope. Writing to Mr. Clayton from Temple Place, Strood, Jan. 19, 1859, he says:—

My dear Sir,—The denarius is very clearly of Severus: the reverse, *Sol.*, standing and holding the whip on the left arm, the right hand raised, legend *cos. III.*, at his feet a cock. . . . I have no doubt you will find the coin engraved in works on Roman numismata.

Believe me yours very truly,

C. ROACH SMITH.

On searching the elaborate work of Oocco on Roman coins, it was found that the piece which most nearly resembles the coin under discussion is a coin belonging to the reign of Caracalla, and which he thus describes:—

ANT. PIVS AVG. GERM.

R.—P.M. TR.P. XX. COS IIII P.P. *Figura Solis dextram in sublime attollens, sinistra Flagrum.*

This coin belongs to the year A.D. 217.\*

Altogether the circumstance was a provoking one. Had the medal belonged to the reign of Antoninus Pius, the immediate successor of Hadrian, its presence would not have injured materially the argument drawn from the

\* Cohen describes the same coin, Caracalla, No. 230.

find. Had the objectionable piece been one of Severus's, that would have been bad enough. But that a coin belonging to the reign of the successor of Severus should have obtruded itself amongst pieces ending at the third year of Hadrian's reign was still more unpalatable to the advocates of the claims of Hadrian.

What were the advocates of Hadrian to do? Should they at once abandon the argument in their favour which the Barcombe quarry had supplied them with? Such a thought never obtruded itself upon their minds. Some unlucky accident had brought the ill-favoured coin there, but abandon the argument they would not. Still it was an annoying thing that the antiquaries who supported the claims of Severus should have this coin to appeal to. It furnished a fence by which they parried a blow which ought to have brought them to the ground.

Day broke at last; the mystery was solved. Mr. Fairless, learning that the troublesome coin had been ascribed to Severus, wrote to me, detailing the following facts. When he first saw the coins he felt sure that Thomas Pattison would soon disperse them. He felt desirous of procuring one of them to place in his cabinet as a memorial of the find. Pattison declared his determination not to break the lot. Mr. Fairless pressed his request. At length the following compromise was made. Mr. Fairless was to take, on his own selection, one of the silver coins of the find, and replace it with another from his own cabinet. This would keep the number of the coins complete; he was, besides, to give Pattison half-a-crown. This was done. Mr. Fairless, as a matter of course, selected one of the most interesting coins of the series, a Judæa Capta of Vespasian, shown in the margin,



and, also, as was equally natural, filled up the vacancy with a coin which he was not particularly anxious

to retain. Soon after this transaction was completed, the hunt for Pattison became hot. The "inquiry of damages" at Haydon Bridge, the flight into Wales, and the imprisonment in Denbigh Gaol followed in quick succession. Mr. Fairless had the fine coin of Vespasian safe in his cabinet; but the uncomfortable reflection would force itself into his mind that, if he were known to be its possessor, he would get into trouble. He, therefore, kept the whole transaction a profound secret. It was not until the coins came into the possession of Mr. Clayton, and that gentleman's right to them became clearly established, that he divulged the matter, and restored the coin, which he had held so long, to its right place. The dread that his proceedings might in any way give a fictitious value to the claims set up on behalf of Severus probably hastened him in making the desired restitution.

He sent the coin to Chesters, accompanied by the following letter:—

To Miss Clayton.

Hexham, Feb. 15th, 1859.

Madam,—Before this time you will have heard the communication I made to Dr. Bruce respecting the Boreum collection of coins. It is fortunate that I was made acquainted with the reading of the odd coin by Mr. Roach Smith, which became so important. I have no doubt it is the coin that I gave in exchange for the Vespasian, but I did not think it readable, and classed the ten together as coins I could not appropriate. I am glad I had not parted with the Vespasian, so that I can put that right now that might have been seriously wrong. I now beg Mr. Clayton's acceptance of this variety of the Vespasian section of the collection, commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem, and feel sorry for all the trouble given.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

J. FAIRLESS.

And thus happily ends this little story. The collection of coins, after all its chances and mischances, is complete, and in the hands of one to whom it is more valuable than to any other person. Above all, it may be regarded as safe for generations to come.

### "Belted Will Howard."

Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff  
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,  
With satin slashed and lined;  
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
His hose with silver twined;  
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt;  
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still  
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

—Lay of the Last Minstrel.



AN explanation of Sir Walter Scott's description of one of the most renowned characters in Border story is given in the "Memorials of the Howard Family," by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle. The book is in print, but was never published. It is now, of course, rare to be seen; but as it was compiled from family papers, many of them written by Lord William Howard himself, its authenticity is undoubted; and as we may have to quote from it in the course of this narrative, we may as well, to begin with, give Mr. Howard's explanation of Sir Walter's description of his distinguished ancestor. "Lord William Howard," says he, "is, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' called by Sir Walter Scott 'Belted Will Howard,' meaning, I apprehend, that he was in the habit of wearing the *baldrick*, or broad belt, which was formerly worn as a distinguishing badge by persons of high station. But this, as to him, is not at all founded on fact, as the belts which he wears in his pictures are particularly narrow. But the characteristic epithet with which his name has come down to our times is *bauld*, meaning 'Bold Wyllie.' That of his lady is 'Bessie with the Braid Apron,' not, I conceive, from any embroidery of that part of her dress, but using the word broad, which is often so pronounced, in allusion to the breadth or extent of her possessions."



Lord William Howard was the third son of that Duke of Norfolk who got up the "rising" in favour of Mary Queen of Scots. Norfolk wished to marry Mary, and it is said that he got the consent of the Regent Murray to his proposals. The Queen would appear to have shown no disinclination to the alliance. Even Leicester gave a one-sided consent, and wrote a letter to Mary, favouring Norfolk's matrimonial plan, though at the same time he made Elizabeth acquainted with the progress of the negotiations. Norfolk, however, who wanted to act independently of his Sovereign, was unaware of Leicester's treachery, and determined, if the worst came to the worst, to fight for the restoration of the Scottish Queen. He was a Protestant, but, notwithstanding, he obtained the promise of help from many powerful Roman Catholic noblemen and landed gentry. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were two of the most conspicuous leaders of a conspiracy that was to give Norfolk a rescued wife and put her on the throne of the two kingdoms. Elizabeth knew all about it. The plot was allowed to go so far, and no farther. Howard was sent to the Tower, in custody of Sir Henry Neville. The levies raised by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were disastrously beaten, and the leaders of the rash enterprise fled to Scotland. Howard was temporarily restored to favour, and was allowed by Elizabeth to live under modified restraint in his own house, on condition that his communications with Mary should cease. But the spirit of insubordination was still there. The cruel Duke of Alba, who had devastated the Low Countries, as the fitting instrument of Philip of Spain, opened negotiations with Norfolk for another rebellion in England, by the successful result of which Howard should be married to Mary, and Mary should become Queen of England. Norfolk fell into temptation. He had seen that Elizabeth still had suspicions of his sincerity; and, again risking the die, he renewed his correspondence with the Stuart. It was arranged that Alba should land a force at Harwich, that Norfolk should join him with such troops as he and his friends could raise, that they should march on London, and dictate their own terms to the Queen. The treason was discovered by an accident, or rather by an act of treachery. A letter and a bag of gold were entrusted to a servant of Norfolk's, and the servant, instead of taking them to Scotland, where he should have taken them, disclosed the affair to Cecil, and the plot collapsed. Some of the minor agents in the conspiracy were put to torture, confessed their guilt, and were executed. The Duke of Norfolk was arrested, tried by his peers, and condemned by a jury of twenty-six. Elizabeth refused to sign his death warrant. But the House of Commons asserted its ancient privileges, and the reckless Howard was brought to the block on the 2nd of June, 1572. Northumberland was surrendered by the Scottish Regent, and he also was executed as a traitor.

By this time young Howard was about nine years old; and, by a refinement of cruelty which may perhaps be partly attributed to the vindictive spirit of the times, and partly to personal ill-feeling on the part of somebody, the poor lad was made to be a witness of his father's decapitation on Tower Hill. It is said, and probably with truth, that the horrible sight affected him till the day of his death. By this act of attainder of his father, he lost title and dignity, and all the broad and fair lands which belonged to him. The unfortunate duke had committed William to the care of his brother, the Earl of Arundel, with the grim remark that the boy "had nothing to feed the cormorants withal." Arundel and his brother



were, shortly after this sad event, sent to Cambridge, where they diligently pursued their studies for some four or five years. When Lord William had grown to the mature age of fourteen, he was married, in October, 1577, to Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who was his junior by a few months. This marriage had been intended by his father, who was her step-father and guardian, and the reasons for the alliance are obvious.

The Dacre family are of old renown, the name being supposed to have come from an ancestor who went with the crusaders, and distinguished himself at the great siege of St. Jean d'Acre. In the course of time a daughter of the De Vaux (*temp.* Henry III.), which family had been in possession of the Barony of Gilsland

since the Conquest, transferred by marriage the famous patrimony to the Dacres. It was a clandestine wedding, or, as such is now designated, in newspaper phraseology, "a case of abduction." In 1313, the sole heiress of the estates was Margaret, daughter of Thomas de Multon. She was only thirteen years of age, and consequently became a ward of Edward II. In 1317, while under the care of the Earl of Warwick, Ralph Dacre stole her away from the custody of that stout baron. The Dacres thus became possessed of the Barony of Gilsland; and for over two hundred and fifty years they had to fight hard against the Scots to retain their inheritance. In 1335, after Lord Archibald Douglas had laid waste the Border country, Ralph Dacre got the king's permission to castellate his mansion at Naworth, which was not too soon—for some years afterwards (1346) David Bruce and his marauding Scots plundered the Priory of Lanercost, and, marching to Naworth, found it to be proof against their assaults. Then came another crisis in the fortunes of the Dacres and the historic Border stronghold. In the devastating Wars of the Roses, Ralph Dacre followed the fortunes of Henry, and was slain in the fatal fight of Towton (1461). The Barony of Gilsland and the romantic Naworth were seized by Edward IV., but were later restored to Ralph's brother Humphrey, who espoused the cause of the "white rose," or the House of York. Indeed, these Dacres were a warlike and chivalrous race. They were made wardens of the West Marches, and were always foremost in the fray, both in war and in love. For instance: in 1493, Thomas was at the raising of the siege of Norham Castle. Then we find him, as the historian says, imitating the "chivalrous example which his ancestor, Ralph, had set him a hundred and seventy years before, and carrying off in the night-time from Brougham Castle (near Penrith) Elizabeth of Greystock, the heiress of his superior lord, who, as the king's ward, was then in the custody of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who probably himself intended to marry her." The bold Dacre could, however, fight as well as woo. He commanded the right wing of the English army at Flodden (September 9, 1514); and, falling on the rear of the retreating Scots, after the day was over, "smote them hip and thigh." Lord Thomas Dacre was joint commissioner with the Duke of Norfolk in negotiating a truce at Berwick (1524). In a letter to Cardinal Wolsey (Cottonian MSS.) he gives an account of a raid by some noted freebooters—the Elwoods, Nixons, Armstrongs—numbering about three hundred, who slew eleven of his retainers and took many others prisoners. He was made a Knight of the Garter, and died October 24, 1525. His tomb may to this day be seen in the south aisle of the ruined and roofless Abbey of Lanercost. His son William bore the brunt of the fight in the battle of Solway Moss. He died in 1554, leaving four sons, three of whom "lived and died in great difficulties." The estates were by him

entailed, which may account for the poverty endured by the three younger sons. George, son of the eldest and more fortunate of the four brothers, was the last male heir of the long line of Dacres. His death is thus quaintly described in Stow's "Chronicles":—"George Lord Dacre, son and heir of Thomas Lord Dacre, being a child, and then ward to Thomas Lord Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was by a great mischance slayne at Thetford, in the house of Sir Richard Fulmerstone, Knight, by means of a vaulting horse, upon which horse, as he meant to have vaulted, and the pins at the feet being not made sure, the horse fell upon him, and bruised the brains out of his head." This was on the 17th May, 1569. The great landed estates of the family then fell to three sisters—Elizabeth, the youngest, inheriting



Lady Elizabeth Dacre 1578.

Naworth Castle and the Barony of Gilsland. But the uncle of the co-heiresses, Leonard Dacre, instituted legal proceedings to get possession, on pretence of right of entail, made by his father, Lord William. He failed, as such a wicked uncle should fail. Then he joined the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in their attempt to enthrone Mary, Queen of Scots. He seized the castles of Naworth, Greystoke, and Rockliff, fortified them, "and laid a plan for murdering the Bishop of Carlisle and Lord Scrope, who was then Warden of the Marches." Lord Hunsdon, Governor of Berwick (1570), marched at the head of 1,500 men to drive Dacre from Naworth, but made a feint towards Carlisle. Dacre was thus tempted to come from his stronghold, which he did, with 1,500 foot and 600 horse. A battle was fought near the river Gelt, and great numbers were slain. Like Richard the Third, Dacre was hunchbacked, and fought to the last; but, when the fortune of the day went against him, he took horse to Scotland, was attainted of high treason, and died at Lovaine (1581) in poverty.

It was to this Elizabeth Dacre, then, that Lord William Howard was married (1577), and through her

the vast possessions of the northern branch of that great historic family came into his hands. The Lady Elizabeth was Lord William's half-sister, her mother being Elizabeth Leburne, wife of Thomas Lord Dacre, and third wife of the condemned Duke of Norfolk, Lord William's mother being Lady Audley, who died a few weeks after his birth. The wedding of the youthful couple took place at Audley End, near Saffron Walden (October 28, 1577). They lived together for seven years, and had three children. Then troubles came fast and thick. The brothers (the Earl of Arundel and Lord William) had been Protestants, and were intended by their unfortunate father to be Protestants. "The Duke of Norfolk," says Mr. Howard, "who was a sincere and zealous Protestant, certainly intended to bring up his children in that persuasion. His house was much frequented by Foxe (author of 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs'), who had been his instructor, by Bale, and others, its strong advocates; but he selected a person of the name of Martin to attend his sons to the University of Cambridge, who was much inclined to Catholic principles, and who afterwards went abroad and became a priest. The boys, of course, received some impressions from him, and when the Earl of Arundel took his decision (about 1583) to declare himself a Catholic, Lord William, then about twenty-one years of age, so readily agreed with him to adopt the same cause as to offer to accompany him to the Continent; and Lord William ever after adhered to the same principles—had his private chapel—and connected his sons and daughters with Catholic families." But Elizabeth and her counsellors were as vigilant over the sons as they had been over the father. The young earl made his preparations, and wrote a letter to be delivered to the Queen after his departure, expressive of his change of religious views and of his undiminished loyalty. He was stopped in Sussex, where he was going to take ship, and sent to the Tower. Lord William shared the same fate, as did also their sister, Lady Margaret Sackville. The brothers being now imprisoned, Francis Dacre (one of the three sons already mentioned as having died in poverty) commenced a suit for the recovery of the family property. It lasted for years, and was a source of great anxiety and cost to Lord William. The title was tried on the technical point of the right of presentation to a living—*de jure patronatus*. Lord William, showing "all the blood of all the Howards," thus indignantly wrote of his adversary:—"Mr. Francis Dacre, not omitting his advantage of tyme, prosecuted his cause with great violence, when both his adversaries wear close prisoners, in dainger of their lives, and in so deep disgrace of the tyme, as scarce any frind or servant durst adventure to show themselves on their cause; nay, the councillors refused to plead their title when they hadd been formerly retyned. Frinds were made and letters were written in favour of Mr. Fr. Dacre; jurors were chosen of his neare kindred

and professed frinds: *sed magna est veritas*—for even that trial passed for the co-heirs." Arundel was heavily fined by the infamous Star Chamber, and Lord William was "enlarged out of the Tower," and the two conjointly presented a petition to Cecil (Lord Burleigh) asking that the trials might proceed without further delay. Plea after plea followed, showing the law's delay; but on "St. Peter's Day (30 June, 1586, and 28 Eliz.), the cause being debated at large, counsell on both sydes fully herd, the evidences thouroughly viewed and dewly considered, the L. Chancellor, Judges, and Q's learned counsell were fully satisfied, and agreed in one opinion absolutely for the co-heirs." Still, Lord William Howard and his elder brother did not come into their estates, as other pretexts were raised to keep them out of possession.

The Earl of Arundel died in the Tower in 1595, after seven years' imprisonment. After the death of his brother, Lord William and his brother's widow (1601) had to purchase from the Queen, by letters patent, the lands which rightfully belonged to them for the sum of ten thousand pounds. The purchase was made, says Lord William, in the names of Mr. Edward Carrill and others, "because they would not in any sorte prejudice their owne righte." The protracted law suits kept Lord William and his wife in comparative poverty. Mr. Howard states that the "Lady Elizabeth, an orphan, and co-heiress to estates of great magnitude, before she was seven years of age, was kept out of possession till she had attained her thirty-seventh year. How she and her husband managed to subsist and pay the high charges of such suits does not clearly appear; but his accounts, from the year 1619 to 1628 inclusive, show that he was still in debt, and paid 10 per cent. interest for it."

But better days were to come. The Scottish monarch, James, came to sit on the English throne. Lord William Howard went with his uncle Henry (afterwards Earl of Northampton) to meet the King when he crossed the Borders (1603). He began to "put his castle in order, by taking from smaller baronial residences pictures, panels, and ornaments of the old baronial style." While these were being introduced at Naworth, Lord William lived at Thornthwaite, near Keswick, a hunting seat which he had purchased from Sir Henry Curwen. Camden visited Naworth Castle in 1607, while the embellishment was in progress; but we hear no more of Lord William until years afterwards.

In 1624, "Lord William and his lady were settled at Naward (Naworth), and all their family—sons, daughters, and their wives and husbands—appeared to have lived with them. Tradition says they were fifty-two in a family. During this period, he frequently rides up to London in the spring; and by an entry in the accounts (1622) he had a house in St. Martin's Lane. The cost of his journeys, with from eighteen to twenty-four attendants and twelve horses, going and returning, amounts each way from £15 to £20. His allowance to himself for

pocket-money is, in 1619, limited to 20s. per month; but that is increased, in 1627, from £12 to £36 per annum: and he begins to buy plate and books and more costly furniture for Naward; planting is going forward there; books are bought; purchases of land and tithes made; and his daughters' portions (£1,000) each paid by instalments." His eldest son died in 1616, and his grandson then married a daughter of Lord Eure, and a fortune of £1,400.

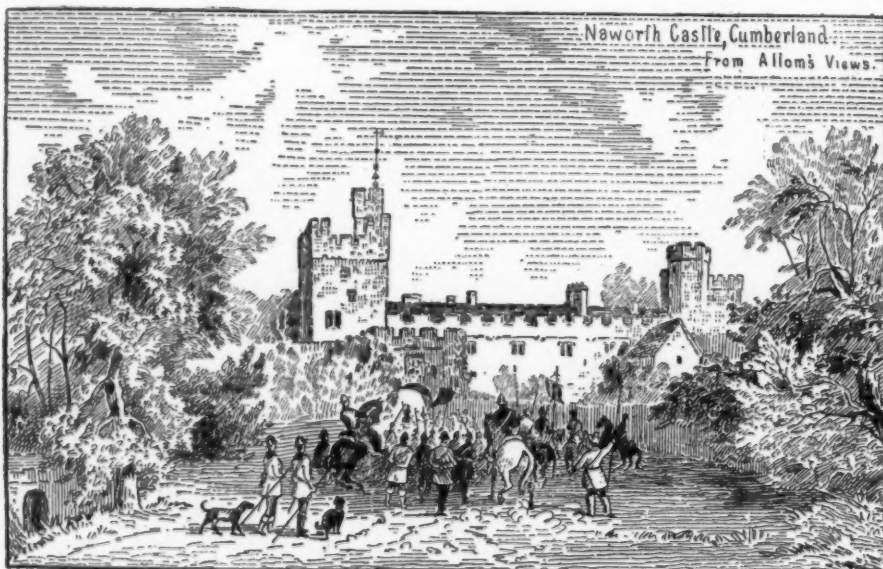
Persecuted Lord William had been by factions and relations; but his serenity of mind never seems to have left him. Camden saw him at Naworth in the year 1607, and says of him that he was "a singular lover of venerable antiquitie, and learned withal." He was both a student and a warrior. Mr. Howard gives us a list of some of the treatises which Lord William wrote; and he also gives a clue to his literary fame. "From early life," he says, "I find him occupied by literary pursuits, chiefly the history of antiquities of his county, with heraldic researches relative to his own, his lady's, and other families. There are several letters relating to Northern antiquities, addressed to Sir R. Cotton, among the Cotton MSS. He published 'Florence of Worcester, and, according to the account of the Arundel MSS., he collected many valuable MSS., of which part remain in that collection, with notes in his hand; a few are at Naward (Naworth), and probably at Castle Howard; and many are, I conclude, dispersed. His new monument—*ere peremius*—should be inscribed 'The Civilizer of the Border.'"

Lord William, having come into royal favour with the possession of his estates, became the terror of the country-

side. In those days it required a strong hand to put down rapine and plunder. Mr. Froude gives us a graphic description of the times when "Belted Will" came to rule. "For twenty miles," says he, "on either side of the Border there grew up a population who were trained from their cradles in licensed marauding. Nominal amity between the two countries operated as but a slight check upon habits inveterately lawless; and though the Government affected to keep order, they could not afford to be severe upon offences committed in time of peace by men on whom they chiefly depended for the defence of the frontiers in war. The blood of the children by the fireside was stirred by tales of wild adventure in song and story; and perhaps for two centuries no boy ever grew to man's estate along the strip of land forty miles across, and joining the two seas, who had not known the midnight terror of a blazing homestead, who had not seen his father or brother ride out at dusk, harnessed and belted for some night foray, to be brought back before morning gory and stark across his saddle, and been raised from his bed by his mother to swear with a child's lips a vow of revenge over the corpse." In that age

War was the Borderer's game,  
Their gain, their glory; their delight  
To sleep the day, maraud the night  
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;  
Joyful to fight, they took their way,  
Scarce caring who might win the day,  
Their booty was secure.

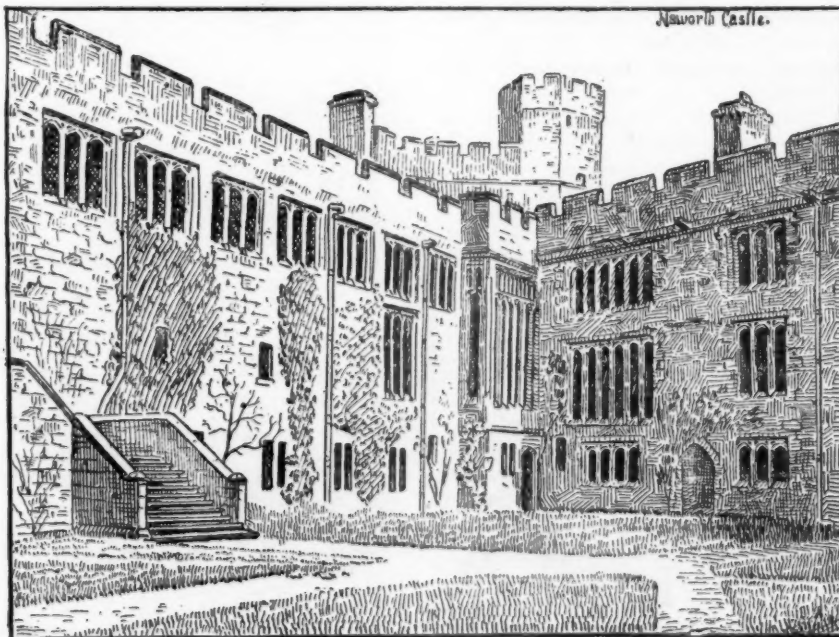
It was Lord William Howard's mission to capture and bring to justice these marauders. Fuller bears testimony to his vigilance in this respect. "When at their greatest height, the mosstroopers had two enemies—the laws of





the land and Lord William Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, that place where the officer always does his work by daylight." That Lord William did "put his foot on" the Armstrongs, the Elliots, the Grahams, and others of that ilk is unquestionable; but that he was cruel by nature is yet to be shown. There is an apocryphal story that on one occasion his retainers brought him a prisoner. Lord William, busy with his books, petulantly said to the gaoler, "Hang him." The man was hanged there and then. Sometime afterwards Lord William asked to see the prisoner, when he learned that his hasty expression had been taken literally. It is said, though the statement is held very doubtful, that his body-guard consisted of a hundred and forty men, "all in Lord Howard's livery dressed." A list of his captures is in possession of the Carlisle family. In that he states that he had captured sixty-eight mostroopers "for felonies committed in Gilsland and elsewhere." Mr. Howard, from whom we have largely quoted, says, in vindication of the character of his famous ancestor, that "there was no such thing as an execution otherwise than by conviction at the regular assize." There was once, among his prisoners, a man named Routledge, charged with murder. Sir William Hutton, of Penrith, laid information that while Lord William Howard was from home, his lady had favoured the escape of the prisoner. Commissioners (for there were commissioners then as now) were sent down, and Lord William Howard was honourably acquitted of any complicity; "but," he says, "it might in strict terms of law have touched the lady's life." This lady, his

devoted wife for many years, he dearly loved. We have seen that they were married in their teens. "In his accounts," says Mr. Howard, "there are a number of presents to her (his wife) even to decorate her person at an advanced age, and he had her portrait taken by the best painter then known (Cornelius Jansen) when she was in her seventy-third year. In the disposal of every estate belonging to her inheritance, he took special care that possession for life was secured to her; and to the last, in every estate which he purchased and destined for their sons, he also gave her a life estate. One of these deeds is dated the year before her death, when she was in her seventy-fourth year, so that to the very close of their lives their union appears to have been one of the truest affection and friendship." This statement is supported by the account given by the Norwich travellers of local history, who were visitors at Naworth in the year 1634. "The noble twaine," says the narrator, "as he pleased to tell us, themselves could not make above twenty-five y<sup>rs</sup> as both together when first they marry'd that now can make 140 yeares, and are very hearty, well, and merrie, and long may they continue soe—for soe have they all just cause to pray that live neere them; for their hospitalitie and free entertainment agree with their noble and generous extraction, and their yeares retain the memorie of their honorable predecessors' beautiful housekeepinge. Amongst other dishes that came to his lordship's table one there was served, at the second course, which was not unusual, a live roe. And as there was store of venison, so there was plenty



of wine, and as freely these two noble persons commanded it to be filled. I verily think his honour may command venison there as our southerne gentlemen doe sheepe here; for I hearde his lordship say that his sons had then killed, out of his own parkes, 120 buckes this season."

Belted Will, the scholar, the gentleman, the soldier, died in October, 1640, in his 77th year.

The great-grandson of Lord William Howard succeeded to the barony in 1642 (through the death of intermediate heirs). Charles Howard was deputy under Lambert during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and, like his distinguished grandfather, smote the mossroopers "hip and thigh." He, however, looked not so much to dynastic as to territorial advancement. Like Monk, he connived at the restoration of Charles II. In 1661 he was created Baron Dacre of Gilsland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle.

### Naworth Castle.

Naworth Castle, in its present form, consists of two large square towers, joined together by other buildings, so as to enclose a quadrangular court. The situation, with fine old trees all round it, and upon rising ground overhanging two deep and narrow dells, is particularly engaging.

Over the entrance gate of the castle is a stone, bearing the motto "Fort en loialtie"; above this is seen an armorial shield, in which are the three "scallop shells" of the Dacres; and over an arched passage that leads into the court-yard is a stone, bearing quarterly the arms of the Howards and the Dacres, supported by griffins, and crested with a bull, collared.

The noble hall of Naworth Castle is now perhaps

unique of its kind. Its fine open timber roof contributes greatly to the antique and impressive character of the room. Along the whole length of the hall, on each side, heraldic shields are displayed on the corbels supporting the ribs of the roof. Beginning at the



Belted Will's Tower, Naworth.

upper end, there are on the eastern side the shields of Howard, Mowbray, Brasse, Segrave, De Brotherton, Fitzalan, Warren, Tilney, Audley, Uvedale, Cavendish; on the western side, Dacre, De Multon, De Morville, Vaux, Engaine, Estravers, Greystoke, Grimthorp, Bolbec, De Merlay, and Boteler.

Our drawings represent a corner of the courtyard of Naworth Castle, reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. J. P. Gibson; a full view of the castle taken from Allom; and that part of the structure which goes by the name of Belted Will's Tower.

### Lanercost Priory.

Lanercost Priory, giving the name of Abbey Lanercost to a small hamlet in its neighbourhood, stands on the north bank of the river Irthing, not far from Naworth, and




Lanercost Priory, South View.

about twelve miles from Carlisle. The priory appears to have been founded about the year 1116, for the reception of a brotherhood of the Augustine order, by one Robert de Vallibus, who endowed it with all the lands lying between the Picts' Wall and the Irthing. Liberal donations and progressive extension of territory had enriched this monastery so greatly that at the dissolution it was enjoying a yearly income of nearly £80, a considerable revenue in those days.

The edifice, in its present state, includes the remains of the conventual church, a portion of the cloisters, and part of the walls of the refectory and other buildings. The west end, being used as a parish church, is preserved from dilapidation; but the tower, chancel, and cross aisles have long been roofless. At the extremities of the cross aisles are several tombs, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Dacres and the Howards. The cemetery grounds have been converted into gardens; and many stone coffins and inscribed monuments may still be seen lying amongst the trees.

The Priory, with the adjacent lands, was granted by Henry VIII. in 1543 to Thomas Dacre, a descendant of the founder. Thomas Dacre repaired the conventual mansion for his residence; and here his descendants remained till, by a failure of male issue, the building and its demesnes reverted to the Crown.

## A Theatrical Incident.

 R. J. L. TOOLE, recording his recollections in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, tells the following story:—

The jealousies in the profession of the stage are, I suppose, not more serious than the jealousies in other walks of life; but they are sometimes more inconvenient, if not more amusing.

Years ago at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when I was on tour with "Dot" and other attractive plays, Irving playing John Peerybingle and Brough Tackleton, we were considerably upset one evening after the second act of "Dot," with the announcement that the lady who played Bertha, the blind girl, had been taken suddenly ill and could not finish the piece. She lay in her dressing room in a dead faint; and although at the outset of her illness she had spoken and said she could not go on again, nothing now had any effect upon her. We sent for a doctor, and in the meantime set about trying to fill her place.

The part ought to have been understudied, but it was not. There was a lady in the company who was not playing that night: she happened to be in front with her husband; she was sent for. I asked her to go on for Bertha, and said I would give her the words as we went along. In the first place she said nothing would induce her to do anything for the lady who was ill, but that there was nothing in the world she would not do for me.

At the same time she would consent to do nothing but read the part. I pointed out to her how absurd it would be for a blind girl to read a part. Irving, in a quiet way, said it would certainly be a novelty. However, she was obdurate, and Irving made the announcement to the audience that the lady who had played the blind girl had been taken suddenly ill; and, under the circumstances, Miss So-and-So had kindly consented to read the part. The audience applauded and seemed quite satisfied, Irving

came from the front of the curtain remarking that it was, to use a classic phrase, "a rum go." But it was a much rummer go than any of us foresaw.

Under treatment the fainting lady came round, and the moment she learned that her rival was going on in her place, she leaped to her feet and emphatically said, "Never, never!"

I was on the stage as Caleb Plummer, and of course knew nothing of this, but when the time arrived for the pathetic entrance of the girl to myself and Dot, I heard quite a disturbance at the wing; the audience heard it too.

"You shall not go on!" "I must." "You shall not, I say!" "But I have been announced!" "I don't care; I am better, and I am going on!"


Then there was something like a scuffle, and the original blind girl, for whose illness we had apologised, came bounding on with a look of defiance in her very widely opened eyes. The audience laughed heartily and applauded vociferously, and when the baggage began to speak, I believed she winked at the house as much as to say, "They don't get over me," and the play went on. I need not say the spirit and intention of the scene were spoiled; but the audience was very good, and after all it was better to play the scene anyhow than have the blind girl read it.

## Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Blakiston,

THE REGICIDE.

 F the fifty-nine persons who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles I., two were connected with Newcastle—George Lilburn, governor of the town in 1647, and John Blakiston, one of the town's representatives in Parliament.

John Blakiston belonged to a family conspicuous for their loyalty and Churchmanship. His father, Marmaduke Blakiston (son of John Blakiston, of Blakiston, in county Palatine), held successively the livings of Woodhorne, Redmarshall, and Sedgfield, and, while thus endowed, was, at one time or other, Archdeacon and Prebend of York, and prebend of the seventh stall in Durham Cathedral. Three of John's brothers were brought up in the Church, and obtained preferment, viz., Robert, who succeeded the father in the rectory of Sedgfield, and married a daughter of Bishop Howson; Thomas, vicar of Northallerton; and Ralph, rector of Ryton; while one of his sisters became the wife of Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham at the Restoration. It is scarcely possible to find a family with clerical connections closer than these, or one less likely to produce a Puritan and a regicide.

John was the second of eleven children. The register at Sedgfield contains a record of his baptism on the 21st August, 1603; from which it is to be inferred that the rectory house of that parish was his birthplace. Where

his boyhood was spent, or in what place and manner he was educated, cannot now be ascertained. All we know for certain is that he was designed to follow commercial pursuits, and that he was sent to Newcastle, the commercial metropolis of Northern England, to learn and practise his calling. In Newcastle he married—married a widow with a business already made for him. The tell-tale register of All Saints' reveals this interesting entry to the patient seeker :—

1626. Nov. 9. John Blackison—Susan Chambers.

Turning the pages backward we light upon another :—

1623. April 27. Roger Chambers, merchant adventurer.

Then consulting Longstaffe's notes to the "Life of Ambrose Barnes," we see a quotation from an account of the monuments in All Saints' about the year 1680, which forms a key to the register, and makes it plain :—

Susannah, late wife of John Blaxton, one of his late majesty's judges, was buried under this stone, it being her first husband's, Roger Chambers, merchant.

"One of his late Majesty's judges" being of course an equivocation due to the carelessness of the penman, who intended to signify that Blaxton was one of those who sat in judgment upon his Majesty.

The year after his marriage John Blakiston was admitted a free burgess of the town, his designation being that of a mercer. We read of his travelling to London and elsewhere, "being much from home," in the prosecution of his business. He may have been for a year or two one of the eight chamberlains of the town. There was nothing derogatory to his position in such an office; it was a place of trust and profit, and there can hardly have been sufficient employment connected with it to absorb the full time of eight persons. If this conjecture be correct, he was the person who superintended the contribution of the Corporation to the earliest known Newcastle race meeting :—

1632. August. Paid John Blakiston, chamberlaine, which he disbursed for 2 silver potts granted by C [the Council] for the race on Killingworth Moore, after Whitsunday, 1632, 20*l*.

About his next appearance in local history there is no manner of doubt. Having quarrelled with Vicar Alvey at a wedding dinner in December, 1635, he was cited by that irate ecclesiastic to appear at the High Commission Court of Durham. The proceedings lasted from March, 1636, to July, 1639 ("Surtees Society Publications, vol. 34), and ended in an order that Blakiston should make acknowledgment to Alvey for charging him with the seven errors, and, for his nonconformity, and not receiving the communion, that he should be declared excommunicate, pay a fine of £100 to the king, and bear the costs of the suit. Whether the sentence was fulfilled does not appear. Blakiston obtained a respite at the last hearing of the case, and the following year Vicar Alvey was a fugitive from his parish, whilst his assailant was welcoming into Newcastle the army of the Covenant.

It is clear, from the evidence given at Durham, that

John Blakiston had been for some time shaping his course towards Puritanism. The judgment of the Court, and the rapid development of Puritan feeling among his fellow-townsmen, carried him completely over. At the Parliamentary election which followed the surrender of Newcastle to the Scots, he was selected as the candidate of the Puritan party. Sir Henry Anderson and Sir John Melton were his opponents, and the contest was fierce and bitter. Melton was a comparative stranger to the town, known only as a courtier from York, who had been one of the Council of the North, and for a time acted as its secretary. Yet he and Sir Henry Anderson were elected, and Blakiston was defeated. A petition against the return was sent up to the House, but before it could be heard and examined Melton died, and Blakiston was declared to have been duly elected.

Blakiston's name occurs frequently in the journals of the House, and in the books of the Corporation—occurs, too, under circumstances which indicate that he was a rising man in the Puritan ranks, enjoying the confidence of both Houses of Parliament, and honoured by his fellow-burgesses. When the Commons passed a resolution exempting Sir John Marley from all mercy and pardon for his obstinate resistance at the storming of Newcastle, they sent down Mr. Blakiston with a vote from both Houses, ordering the trial of the delinquent according to the course of war. The Corporation at the same time directed the ordinance to be entered in their "Black Book"; and gave instructions that "the charges of the said ordinance be disbursed to John Blakiston, Esq., member," &c. A few months afterwards—at Michaelmas, 1645—he was elected Mayor, and when his term of office expired there was paid to him by the Common Council £200, he was unanimously chosen again, and both Houses of the Legislature interested themselves sufficiently in the matter to sanction by formal vote the appointment of Henry Dawson, a well-known Puritan, as his deputy whenever he should be absent on Parliamentary duty. It was during these, his consecutive years of mayoralty and membership, that the king, flying from Oxford, threw himself upon the mercy of the Scots at Newark, was brought by them to Newcastle, detained here in virtual captivity, and finally handed over to the English Commissioners. It was during his same term of office that a third attempt was made to annex Gateshead to Newcastle, and he was the instrument chosen to "certify the inhabitants of the Borough of Gateshead" of such intention.

Then came the dismal proceedings which ended in the execution of the king. Blakiston was one of the hundred and thirty-five persons commissioned to try his Majesty, and took his seat among the sixty-seven of them who answered to their names on the first day of the trial. When judgment had been pronounced and the warrant for the king's execution prepared, fifty-nine of the Commissioners appended their names and seals. Twelfth in



the list comes the bold signature of the Puritan member for Newcastle, with the seal of the Blakistons of Blakiston beside it—"Argent, two bars, and in chief three dunghill cocks gules."

*John Blakiston* 

John Blakiston did not live to share the further triumphs of his party. Sometime in May, 1649, within three months of the death of the king, he was taken ill. His will is dated the first of June following, and a day or two afterwards he died. No record of his death can be found, but that he passed away before the 6th of the month the following extract from the journals of the House of Commons of that date clearly proves:—

That the sum of three thousand pounds be paid unto the wife and children of John Blakiston, Esq., a late member of this House, deceased, out of the estates of Sir William Widdrington and the Earl of Newcastle, in the county of Northumberland, for reparation of his losses and sufferings for the State by the means of the said Earl of Newcastle and Sir William Widdrington.

A sum of five hundred pounds was, by another resolution of the same date, awarded to "George Blakiston, gentleman," who, it is presumed, was John's brother George (married at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, to Barbara, daughter of Henry Lawson), a merchant, and sheriff of the town in 1656. The Corporation of Newcastle, who in the preceding April had been vindicating their representative from "unjust and violent aspersions" cast upon him by his co-regicide, George Lilburn, testified their respect for his memory by voting £200 to his family for the "expenses and disbursements" he had incurred, "wherein he showed his faithfulness to this Corporation, and did many good services for this town." At the Restoration, when the new Parliament was dealing with the regicides, living and dead, he was exempted from the General Act of Pardon and Oblivion, and the Sheriff of Durham having seized upon his widow's effects, the House ordered an inventory to be made of them, note to be taken of any timber that had been felled upon his lands, how much of it had been sold, &c. It is possible that these orders were followed by confiscation, for in the books of the Merchants' Company of Newcastle, under date November 24, 1668, "Susan Blackston, widow, mercer," occurs as being admitted to her freedom, which seems to indicate that she was obliged to enter into business again.

The issue of John and Susan Blakiston was seven children, of whom three only survived their father—John, Nehemiah, and Rebecca. John, a barrister and judge of the Admiralty Court of Newcastle, married Phoebe, daughter of Wm. Johnson, of Kibblesworth, and sister of Sir Nathaniel Johnson, Knight, and died March 8, 1702.

## John Blenkinsop,

PIONEER IN STEAM LOCOMOTION.

Writers who tell the story of the locomotive steam engine assign a place of honour to John Blenkinsop, and some of them claim for him the merit of having constructed the first commercially successful engine that was placed upon a railway.

Mr. Blenkinsop was born at Walker in 1782. His cousin, Thomas Barnes, was viewer of Walker Colliery, and when the proper time came he was put under the care of this relative to learn the business of colliery management. Before he was of age his cousin died, but he had made good use of his opportunities, and although so young, was qualified to take a position of trust and responsibility in his profession. So at least thought the Brandlings, for soon after the death of his teacher they appointed him viewer of collieries at Middleton, near Leeds, which they had opened upon an estate derived from the marriage of Ralph Brandling, in the 17th century, with Anne, daughter and heir of John Leghe.

At the time of his removal into Yorkshire—1801 or 1802—coalowners and colliery engineers were engrossed in the study of mechanical haulage. Various attempts were being made to apply steam to that purpose, both in the form of travelling engines drawing waggons behind, and fixed engines pulling them from point to point with ropes. Soon after his settlement at Middleton, a travelling engine was patented by which Trevithick hoped to solve the problem that was baffling the best mechanics of the country. It did not answer; and a similar want of success attended the "racing steam horse," which the same engineer brought out in 1808, and Mr. Blenkinsop seeing the failure of Trevithick's efforts, began to make experiments on his own account. An engine was built for him by Messrs. Fenton, Murray, and Wood, of Leeds. In June, 1812, thousands of persons witnessed the first performance of the new and strange machine. It was "crowned with complete success," says the *Leeds Mercury*, going out of its way to give a picture of the locomotive in honour of the occasion. There was no mistake about it; the problem of steam locomotion had been solved. Blenkinsop's locomotives did the work of sixteen horses in twelve hours; drew twenty-seven waggons weighing ninety-four tons on dead levels at three-and-a-half miles an hour; travelled when lightly loaded ten miles an hour, weighed five tons, and cost £400, to which must be added the expense of laying down a special tooth-racked rail.

When Blenkinsop's engine had been running between Middleton and Leeds about fifteen months, the Brandlings brought one to their collieries of Kenton and Coxlodge. "A vast concourse of spectators assembled," and the engine, with sixteen waggons behind it, weighing altogether seventy tons, was set going. The speed realised was not so great as was anticipated, owing to

"some partial ascents in the railway." But after the experiment was finished, "a large party of gentlemen partook of an excellent dinner provided at the Grand Stand," on Newcastle Town Moor, and drinking success to the locomotive and its inventor, spent the afternoon "in the most agreeable and convivial manner." George Stephenson, then enginewright at Killingworth Colliery, who had been among the spectators at the Cuxlodge trial, remarked that he thought he could "make a better engine than that to go upon legs," and how with the aid of William Hedley and others he succeeded, all the world knows.

Mr. Blenkinsop died at Leeds in January, 1831, at the early age of 48 years.

### Thomas John Bold,

ENTOMOLOGIST.

Among the local explorers into obscure forms of life who founded the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, one of the most earnest and successful was Thomas John Bold. What Joshua Alder did for the mollusca and Thomas Athey for the fossil fauna, that Mr. Bold assisted to accomplish for the coleoptera of the district. By his aid the numerous insects which come under that designation in Northumberland and Durham were industriously collected and catalogued, and the local literature of Natural History was permanently strengthened and improved.

Thomas John Bold was born at Tanfield Lea, in the county of Durham, on the 26th September, 1816, and was the eldest son of George Bold, a tradesman in that village. In early youth he was of studious habits and fond of Natural History. Like most beginners, he started with the Lepidoptera, but soon directed his attention to the Coleoptera, which thenceforward became his special study. These pursuits soon brought him into contact with others of like habits, among whom may be named Mr. James Hardy, now secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club, Dr. Thomas Pigg, and Mr. John Hancock. In 1843 he became a member of the Wallis Society, founded to advance the study of natural history and antiquities in the two Northern Counties. It had no long existence, but it helped to pave the way for the establishment of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club in 1846. Of this organisation Mr. Bold became an active member, and the first paper published in the Transactions of the club is from his pen.

It was one of the primary objects of the club to collect and publish correct lists of the various natural history objects of the district. To Mr. Bold and Mr. Hardy were entrusted the preparation of a catalogue of the Coleoptera. Begun in 1846, the catalogue was finished in 1852, and was followed at long intervals by lists of local Homoptera, Aculeate Hymenoptera, and Hemiptera-Heteroptera of his own compiling. In 1870, he presented to the club a new edition of the Coleoptera

Catalogue—a most laborious work, for the number of local species had been increased meanwhile by a third, and the nomenclature had undergone a revolution. By this time he had become the recognised authority in the district upon his special branch of study; among his correspondents were Stevens, Newman, Walcott Wollaston, Kirby, and, indeed, most of the leading entomologists of the day.

From the early part of 1867 Mr. Bold was confined to his room by paralysis, and in May, 1874, at Long Benton, he passed away. Through the liberality of his brother Edwin, his collections were presented to the Newcastle Natural History Society, and they are now in the spacious museum of that body at the Barras Bridge. There are thirteen of his "notes" and "papers" of the "Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club," twelve in the "Transactions of the Newcastle Natural History Society," eighty-four in the "Zoologist," and forty-one in the "Entomologists' Magazine"—a hundred and fifty altogether.

### Henry Bourne,

HISTORIAN OF NEWCASTLE.

In the prolific outpourings of the local press during the last hundred and fifty years, scant note is taken of a gentle and gifted man, who, while fulfilling the arduous and ill-rewarded duties of curate in a populous parish, made the earliest adequate attempt to illustrate the history and describe the antiquities of Newcastle.

Henry Bourne, son of Thomas Bourne, tailor, was born in Newcastle, and, as appears from the register of St. John's Church, was baptized on the 16th of December, 1694. He was bound apprentice on the 9th October, 1709, to Barnabas Watson, a glazier, who carried on business at the Head of the Side. While there, he showed such decided tastes for the acquisition of knowledge that his master permitted the indentures to be cancelled, and he was sent to the Royal Grammar School, in which he had probably received the rudiments of education, to qualify himself for higher branches of study. At the age of twenty-three, assisted by friends who appreciated his diligence and devotion to literature, and obtaining, no doubt, the annual allowance of £5 which the Common Council of Newcastle bestowed upon youths who went from the Grammar School to the Universities, he was admitted a sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge. At college he was fortunate in having for tutor Thomas Atherton, a native of Newcastle (son of Henry Atherton, town's physician), who had himself been educated at the Grammar School, and may be supposed to have had some interest in his grown-up pupil. Of his collegiate career there is no record. He remained at Christ's three years, and having graduated B.A., in 1720, and received ordination from Edmund Gibson, Bishop of Lincoln, entered upon his labours as a minister. In what place he began to exercise his gifts cannot be ascertained, but the church

books of St. Nicholas's contained an entry of his preaching there for the first time on the 5th February, 1721. The year following he was licensed to the cure of souls in All Saints'—the largest of the Newcastle parishes, and one of the most populous curacies in the North of England.

Settled as a minister in his native town, Mr. Bourne took his M.A. degree (1724), and the following year published a book—

*Antiquitates Vulgares, or the Antiquities of the Common People, Giving an Account of several of their Opinions and Ceremonies, with Proper Reflections upon each of them; showing which may be retain'd, and which ought to be laid aside.* By Henry Bourne, M.A., Curate of the Parochial Chapel of All Saints', in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Newcastle: Printed by J. White for the Author. MDCCLXXV.

His next appearance in print was in 1727, when Mr. White issued for him a treatise showing "The Harmony and Agreement between the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, as they stand in the Book of Common Prayer."

In 1728 some local gentlemen founded a lectureship by subscription, which, settled upon him, made an acceptable addition to an inconsiderable income, though it did not lighten his duties. He and his assistant were thenceforward responsible for daily prayer at 10.0 and 4.0, the lecture every other Sunday at 6.0 p.m. from Easter till the middle of September, sacrament once a month, and all christenings, weddings, and burials, visitations of the sick, and relief of the poor which arose in a crowded parish. How he found time among these engrossing occupations to cultivate his literary tastes and indulge in antiquarian research is difficult to understand. Yet it was while so engaged that he began to collect materials for a history of Newcastle. On the 17th September, 1731, the following advertisement made its appearance:—

As I have been, for a considerable time, collecting Memoirs and Antiquities of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and have made a pretty large progress therein, I am willing to complete the same in the most exact Manner. Knowing, therefore, that some ancient Names of Persons, Streets, and other Places and Things may be more truly ascertained by Deeds and Writing than otherwise, I publish This to desire the perusal of any such Writing as may be of use herein; I desire also any other Information, whether it relates to the Churches, Chapels, Chantries, Monasteries, Hospitals, Almshouses, &c., of this town, or to the transactions herein during the Time of the Civil War; And the Favour shall be thankfully And faithfully acknowledged by me,  
HENRY BOURNE.

The response to this appeal was not encouraging. A few public-spirited gentlemen rendered assistance, but the majority stood aloof, some of them alleging, as the author informs us, "that it might be of dangerous consequence to show ancient writings, that he was but a curate that undertook the work, and that his abilities, therefore, of pocket and mind, must be vastly unequal to such a task"; while others "made it their business (so great has been their ill-nature and prejudice) to take all ways and methods of decrying it, by print, by manuscript, lessening it in all companies to hinder its publication."

To men like Bourne difficulties like these were but incentives to exertion. Undaunted by indifference, undeterred by sarcasm, he persevered with his task, and in so doing overtaxed his strength. The labours of his cure and the perplexities of authorship bore so heavily upon him that he fell ill. Still he worked on. His bedroom in Silver Street, under the shadow of the church, and within sound of its music, became his study; and there, through lingering months of pain and weariness, he brought his book to its end. Before Christmas, 1732, the MS. was completed, the preface written, everything made ready for the printer; everything but the author. For him there was no hope. His malady increased, he became weaker and weaker, and in the afternoon of the 16th February, 1732-33, he died. Two days later his body was buried within the walls that for the better part of ten years had echoed the sound of his voice. His parishioners showed their respect and attachment by attending his funeral, but made no further effort to record his connection with the church and his efforts for their spiritual welfare. A line in the register was his only memorial in old All Saints', and neither stone nor tablet preserves his memory in the new edifice which, half a century later, was erected upon the site.

Mr. Bourne had been twice married. He buried his first wife, Margaret, aged 30, in 1727, and over her remains laid a slab, "which formerly belonged to one Blount," upon which was cut in Greek text the prayer of Paul for Onesiphorus. His second wife, Alice, daughter of Ellis Inchball, survived him forty years, and died an inmate of Mrs. Davison's Hospital. Of five children born to him, only two, Henry and Eleanor, issue of the first marriage, outlived him. For their benefit, a couple of years after the author's decease, the "History of Newcastle" was put to press. It forms a thin folio of 252 pages, printed in clear type, with a folding plan of Newcastle facing the title, and somewhat intricate footnotes and marginal explanations. The subscribers' copies end with the first Mayoralty of Walter (afterwards Sir Walter) Blackett, to whom the book is dedicated, but in 1757 the last leaf was reprinted, and the list of Mayors and Sheriffs was brought down to that date.

Mackenzie describes Mr. Bourne as a sincere, plain, unassuming man, diligent in his studies and in the discharge of his clerical duties. The Rev. E. Hussey Adamson, with greater justice, points to the evidence which his writings afford of wide and extensive reading, and of familiarity with classical, patristic, and mediæval literature, as well as with the best authors of modern times, "We cannot fail," he adds, "to be pleased with the quaintness and simplicity of his style, the reverential tone that pervades his pages, his regard for learning and piety, his respect for antiquity, and his desire to preserve and hand down the records and remains of the past, which, but for his loving care and labour, might have been altogether neglected and lost."

## North Berwick.

**I**T is claimed for North Berwick, the fashionable seaside resort on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, that it is "without exception the most picturesque of watering-places," possessing in itself all the individual attractions of a score of European competitors: The coast is pleasingly varied with sandy bays and towering cliffs, which again are favoured here and there with the interest that is lent by frowning ruins. Behind the town, Berwick Law rises like a huge sugar-loaf to the height of 640 feet, while beyond the harbour, which is formed in a beautiful outline by volcanic rocks, the waters of the Forth are dotted with islands whose changing aspects, subject to storm and sunshine, are a never-failing source of delight. Nor must we forget the Links, where the game of golf is only one of the many forms of recreation. North Berwick is so called to distinguish it from the town at the mouth of the Tweed, which was designated South Berwick in the Scottish charters of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries.

Mill Burn, so called from its waters having at one time driven three mills which now stand in ruins on its banks, is the only streamlet of which North Berwick can boast. The burn meanders its way round the west and south base of the Law, and through a secluded ravine styled the Lady's Walk, a delightful retreat sheltered

from sun and wind, and opening at its termination upon a splendid view of the Firth, embracing Craigleith, the Isle of May, and the East Neuk of Fife.

On a gentle elevation towards the south, about a quarter of a mile west from the town, stand the ruins of the Abbey of North Berwick. They are venerable, but they have not been venerated. The abbey was a Cistercian nunnery, founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, who died in 1154. It was consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and richly endowed with lands and revenues. In the course of history the nunnery was subject to the tur-



NORTH BERWICK ABBEY.



THE LADY'S WALK, NORTH BERWICK.



bulence of the times, and eventually became, in a measure, the inheritance of the Home family. After the Reformation, the revenues of the convent which remained inalienated and untransferred were erected into a lordship for Sir Alexander Home, of North Berwick, a special favourite of James VI., while the patronage of the various other churches was distributed according to the pleasure of King and Commons. The abbey commands extensive and magnificent views.

There are numerous places of interest in the neighbourhood, such as

Tantallon vast,  
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
And held impregnable in war;  
On a projecting rock it rose,  
And round three sides the ocean flows,  
The fourth did battle walls enclose,  
And double mound and fosse.

Space, however, forbids us to dwell upon this home of the redoubtable Douglas, which eventually fell before General Monk and the Covenanters.



DIRLETON CASTLE, NORTH BERWICK.



THE BASS ROCK, FROM NORTH BERWICK.

We pass on to Dirleton, which is admitted to be one of the prettiest villages in Scotland. The castle, which is surrounded with handsome gardens, was distinguished in Scottish annals so early as the time of Bruce, and its history may be said to have closed when it was taken by General Lambert, commander of the Parliamentary forces. Near at hand are the ruins of Gulane Church, the last vicar of which is said to have been expelled the kingdom by King James VI., for the crime of being a notorious smoker.

Any reference to North Berwick would be incomplete without mention of the Bass Rock, which, lying two miles north of Tantallon Castle, rises 313 feet sheer out of the sea, and in full view of the marine parade. "Certes," says Holinshed, "there is nothing about it that is not full of wonder and admiration." It is conical on one side, presenting on the other an abrupt precipice. Myriads of sea-fowl frequent the rock, and there is suf-

ficient grass for a few sheep, which are said to be of superior delicacy. The Bass was at an early period the retreat of a hermit; in 1405 it became the temporary retreat of the Prince of Scotland; but after the Restoration the Rock was sold to the Government for £4,000, and was converted into a State prison. Many of the most eminent of the Covenanters were confined here. Strangely enough, the Bass was the last part of Great Britain that submitted to the authority of William III., being defended by a brave officer, David Baird, third son of Blair of Ardblair. After a resistance of several months, the garrison was at length obliged to surrender for want of provisions, and Baird retired to France, where he died.

North Berwick, which dates from the thirteenth century, is indebted for its incorporation as a Royal Burgh to its charter from Robert III., and for its municipal privileges to a charter from James VI.

### Nent Force Level.

**T**HIS level was designed by T. Smeaton, and was constructed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the total cost being about £90,000. It was begun in July, 1776, and completed, as far as Welgill Shaft, Nenthead, about 1835. The length from *mouth to forehead* is about five miles. It was intended (1) to serve as a drain for the Nenthead mines; and (2) to *try* the mineral veins which cross the Nent valley. The section from Nent Force to Nentsbury is of no use now, but the section from Nentsbury to Nenthead serves as a basis from which other levels are started.

W. N., Alston.

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The following is an extract from a little book on Alston by the late Mr. Thomas Sopwith:—

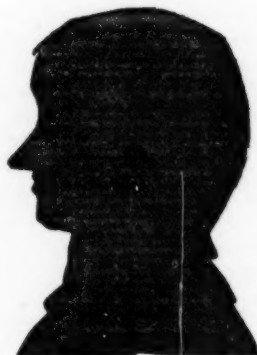
The most interesting object in the neighbourhood of Alston is the entrance to Nent Force Level, a stupendous aqueduct made by the Lords of the Manor, for the discovery of mineral veins, and for draining the water from the mines above. The level was projected by Mr. Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, when he was one of the receivers of the Greenwich Hospital estates in 1775. It was commenced in the following year. From the entrance near Nent Force, at Alston, it extends under the course of the river Nent for a distance of three and a quarter miles to Nentsbury engine shaft. Its dimensions are nine feet in height, and the same in width, but in many places it is considerably larger, and rises to sixteen and twenty feet. It is navigated in boats thirty feet in length, which are propelled in four feet of water from pieces of wood projecting from the sides; and thus may be enjoyed the singular novelty of sailing a few miles underground, and beholding, with perfect safety, the various rocks which it passes through, owing to the rise or inclination of the strata which it intersects. The overhanging rocks suspended above the entrance, with the romantic scenery adjoining, and the neighbouring waterfall, render a visit even to the exterior highly interesting, but this is much increased by a subterraneous excursion, which is frequently undertaken by strangers, and not unfrequently by parties of young persons resident in the neighbourhood.

T. REED, Newcastle.

### Joseph Ritson.



STOCKTON - UPON - TEES has produced several men who have achieved more than local fame. Among its more distinguished natives we may reckon Admiral Sir Thomas Bertie, the messmate and friend of Nelson and Trowbridge; Vice-Admiral Nathan Brunton, who entered the navy as man before the mast, and rose successively by professional merit from rank to rank till he became vice-admiral of the white; Brass Crosby, the patriotic alderman of London, who was committed to the Tower by the House of Commons (of which he was a member) for liberating a printer of the debates in Parliament, who had



*J. Ritson.*

been arrested by a messenger of the House in the City of London without the authority of a City magistrate, an event that involved the question of publishing the debates in both Houses, which, previous to that time, had not been allowed; Henry Stockton, the first Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; the clever dramatist, Joseph Reed, who gave the world the original Cleveland character of "Margery Moorfoot"; Captain Christopher Middleton, Captain William Woods, and several other more or less celebrated navigators to the Arctic Regions. But none of these is more worthy of a special biographical notice than Joseph Ritson, barrister-at-law, whose name stands very near the head of the list of famous British antiquaries.

Joseph Ritson, the son of a Stockton tradesman of the same name, was born on the 2nd of October, 1752. His family, we are told, held lands, and ranked among the

most respectable yeomanry, at Hackthorpe and Great Strickland, in Westmoreland, for four generations; but his pedigree cannot be traced with certainty beyond his great-grandfather, Christopher Ritson, a substantial "statesman," who died in 1703. After receiving the usual elementary schooling in his native place, Joseph was articled to a solicitor there, named Raisbeck, from whose office he was soon removed to that of Mr. Ralph Bradley, a barrister, in order to learn conveyancing.

Some verses of his composition, addressed to the ladies of Stockton, appeared in the *Newcastle Miscellany* of 1772, but they are said to have been not otherwise remarkable than for being his first attempt in the literary line. It was in the same year, when he was but nineteen years old, that he was led, by the perusal of that extraordinary book, Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," to form a resolution, to which he firmly adhered for the remaining thirty years of his life, never knowingly to eat of fish, flesh, or fowl, but to rely for his sustenance on a milk and vegetable diet. He did not object to eating eggs, a practice which "deprives no animal of life, though it may prevent some from coming into the world to be murdered and devoured by others." But he considered that the practice of eating "our fellow-creatures, as pigs and geese undoubtedly are," was "unnatural and diabolical," "very little, if at all, inferior in barbarity to the eating of human flesh, as practised by the cannibals." Tea drinking also he anathematised. But though he was a total abstainer himself from the use of flesh meat, yet he manifested no wish to force what he called his anti-cannibalical principles upon other people. Thus in a letter to his sister he writes: "I understand that you are advised to drink wine and eat animal food, both which, it seems, you refuse, wherein I think you are very much to blame. Wine is so perfectly innocent that I cannot see why you should have the least objection to it; and though I look upon animal food as a thing prohibited by the moral law to persons in good health, yet I neither can nor ought to retain the same opinion of it when it becomes, or is thought, necessary to the preservation of life. I hardly wished, and never expected, that my scruples on this head would influence you so far as to make you give up the mode of living to which you have been always accustomed. Certainly not that you would resolve to deny yourself what everybody about you, nay, even almost the whole world, eats without concern or reflection, when your very existence might perhaps depend upon it." This mixture of eccentricity and humanity characterised Ritson through life. The whole tenour of his correspondence with his family indicates great benevolence, and his epistles to his nephew, then a mere child—to whose exemplary zeal for his uncle's reputation the world is indebted for the publication of his *Memoir and Letters*—are full of sound sense and useful admonitions, combined with a kindness almost parental, but mingled with homilies on the impropriety of eating animal food.

Among his instructions to the lad is an earnest request that he would learn to play on some musical instrument, "if it were but a bird-call or a guse-thropple."

In 1773, Ritson made a tour to Edinburgh, which, though full of interest to him, cost him more than he had anticipated. For while exploring the archaeological and literary stores of the Scottish capital, his antiquarian and bibliomaniac ardour, as well as his predilection for everything purporting to be Celtic, made him forgetful of prudential considerations. What with buying tartans, treatises on the second sight, books of reels, Scotch song books, old chronicles and memoirs, &c., &c., his by no means deep or heavily-laden purse was speedily emptied to the bottom: so that he had not enough money left to pay his reckoning at his lodgings, but had to be beholden to a casual acquaintance he picked up by the way, who generously relieved his pecuniary embarrassment. At the end of twelve days, he reached home, after walking twelve hours, mostly in a heavy rain, penniless, but laden with books. His diet on his tour seems to have been strictly Pythagorean: muffins, cake, bread and butter, cheese, milk, beer, and ale. Only on one occasion, when tempted by cold, wet, and hunger, he ventured to eat a few potatoes dressed under a roast joint, nothing less repugnant to his feelings being to be had. The total sum expended during his twelve days, including the purchase of books and tartans, was £4 6s. 11½d.

Two years later, Ritson settled in London, having engaged to manage the conveyancing department of Messrs. Masterman and Lloyd's office, in Gray's Inn, at a salary of £150 a-year. His letters home, written at this time to his parents and family, place his character in the most amiable light. They also exhibit him as a reader of the antiquarian manuscripts in the British Museum, and aiding Mr. Allan in collecting materials for a history of Sherburn Hospital. His political sentiments are also pretty clearly indicated, for during the raging of the "No Popery" riots in London in 1780, when nothing less was feared than the destruction of the whole city, he speaks of "the scoundrel Ministry of the day" as having been "long and deservedly objects of public detestation," yet he seems to have regarded Lord George Gordon and his ultra Protestant mob-followers as a gang of ferocious fanatics to whom no quarter should be given. That in sentiment, at least, he was a Jacobite, is proved by some elaborate "tables showing the descent of the Crown of England," which he published in 1778, and reprinted in 1783. In these tables the true hereditary succession from Egbert, the first Saxon Monarch, and also from William the Conqueror to James the Sixth of Scotland is given with the utmost accuracy; but the line of sovereigns is made to end with the Young Pretender, whom Ritson styles Charles III., while William II., Stephen, Henry II., John, and the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Henries are omitted as "usurpers."

Ritson's matchless critical power and acumen made

him the most formidable and redoubted literary gladiator of his day. One of the misdemeanants whose faults he sought to expose was Dr. Percy, whose "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," consisting mainly of interpolations and forgeries, were calculated, beyond all manner of doubt, to create an erroneous estimate of the refinement of our ancestors at the period in which the poems printed by him were said to have been written. We now know that "Percy's Reliques," though their publication undoubtedly contributed much to the revival of genuine poetry, were, truly speaking, no reliques at all, but for the most part mere modern restorations, very unlike the originals. As to the MS. text he professed to take them from, the good Churchman seems to have looked on it as "a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society." She did not look like "an apple stuck on the top of a small skewer," as she ought to have done, according to the fashionable costume of the day. She had no "false locks to supply the deficiency of native hair," no "pomatum in profusion," no "greasy wool to bolster up the adopted locks," no "grey powder to conceal dust." But all these modest requisites Percy supplied. Ritson at first doubted the very existence of the famous folio manuscript, and when its possessor had answered his challenge by exhibiting it, he replied, "The labour of the right reverend editour in correcting, refining, improving, completeing, and enlarging the orthography, grammar, text, stile, and supplying the chasms and hiatuses, *valde defendenda!* must have equal'd that of Hercules in cleansing the Augean stable; so that a parcel of old rags and tatters are thus ingeniously and happily converted into an elegant new suit. For it is a certain and positive fact that in the elegant and refine'd work it gave occasion to, there is scarcely one single poem, song, or ballad, fairly and honestly printed, either from the fragments of a MS. or other alleged authorities, from the beginning to the end; many pieces, also, being inserted as ancient and authentic, which, there is every reason to believe, never existed before its publication." In short, Ritson mercilessly exposed the literary dishonesty of the Right Reverend Bishop of Dromore, which is now plain and patent to all the reading world, since the publication twenty years ago of "Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript," edited by Messrs. Hailes and Furnivall.

In December, 1781, Ritson printed a little satirical tract, now of great rarity, called "The Stockton Jubilee, or Shakspeare in his Glory," which consists of extracts from the works of the Swan of Avon, applied to most of the principal inhabitants of Stockton, descriptive of their several characters. With what justice these passages were applied, or from what motive the work was circulated, it would be useless now to inquire. Ritson concealed that he was the compiler from all his friends excepting one, to whom he entrusted the delivery of several copies to the Newcastle Post Office; and in a letter to

another friend he spoke jocosely of the tract as the production of "a most impudent and malicious rascal," and asked if the "scoundrel" had been detected yet. It thus appears that he, too, could sin a little in the same line of literary forgery, or at least mystification.

When Johnson and Stevens's edition of Shakspeare appeared in 1783, Ritson tilted at it as roughly as ever knight in romance did at Paynim Giant. The trenchant severity of his criticisms, and the needless personal taunts in which he indulged, created, as might be expected, a host of enemies, who, if they admitted the force and justice of many of his observations, or the erudition and research which his tract on the subject displayed, had not the candour to ascribe its publication to the true motive, but swore that the critic was actuated by personal malignity alone. "Ignorance" and "inadvertence" were among the mildest terms he applied to the player-editor Stevens. Of all writers, Shakspeare was his favourite, and his reverence for him partook of the enthusiasm of his temperament, so as to kindle his hot anger against the whole of his editors, because they all professed to have collated the original and authentic folio editions, whereas they had never done so, or at least had made of their collations little or no use. Of Johnson's Dictionary, Ritson said: "There is certainly the strangest mixture of ignorance and indolence in it that was ever exhibited in such a work," so that the lexicographer fared as badly at his hands as the commentator.

Ritson issued in 1783 "A Select Collection of English Songs," in three volumes. To this was appended an excellent "Historical Essay on the Origin and Progress of National Song." His friend Shield, the Swallow composer, arranged the music of several of the songs, for Ritson was wholly ignorant of music, and the only real pleasure he received from it was in listening to the well-known ballad of "Sally in Our Alley." Nine years later he published "The North-Country Chorister: an Unparalleled Variety of Excellent Songs: collected and published together, for General Amusement, by a Bishoprick Ballad-Singer." This book was printed in Durham, and sold better than any of his other publications. But perhaps his most valuable and curious publication was "Ancient Songs, from the time of King Henry the Third to the Revolution." Great care and elaborate research were displayed in this compilation, which was printed in 1790, though not published till two years later. The interesting and national work on Robin Hood, a collection of all the ancient poems, songs, and ballads about that celebrated character, appeared in 1795. Every fact that relates to the outlaw is therein so minutely described (says Mr. Douce) "that it will be long before any novelty shall be discovered of sufficient importance to deserve attention."

It only remains to add that Ritson died at the house of Sir John Miles, at Hoxton, on September 23, 1803, aged 51, and that the silhouette and autograph which accom-



pany this article are copied from a little work entitled "Some Account of the Life and Publications of the late Joseph Ritson, Esq.," by Joseph Hazlewood; published in 1824, by Robert Triphook, Old Bond Street, London.

## The Great Fire in Newcastle and Gateshead.



Tan early hour on the morning of the 6th October, 1854, there occurred one of the most appalling catastrophes that ever visited the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead. A little after midnight on that day (Thursday), fire broke out in the premises of a worsted factory, on the Gateshead side of the river, belonging to Messrs. J. Wilson and Sons. Like most buildings in which extensive machinery is planted upon wooden floors, this factory might be said to have been steeped in oil; and it was therefore entirely gutted from roof to cellar in less than an hour. A large stone-built building, known as Bertram's Warehouse, adjoined the worsted factory on the east, and the flames very soon spread to it. This building, "double fire-proof," and seven storeys high, had been originally built for storing goods by Messrs. Bertram and Spencer, but had for some time been used by the merchants of Newcastle and Gateshead as a free warehouse for all sorts of merchandise; and at the time of the fire it was stated to contain 200 tons of iron, 800 tons of lead, 170 tons of manganese, 130 tons of nitrate of soda, 3,000 tons of brimstone, 4,000 tons of guano, 10 tons of alum, 5 tons of arsenic, 30 tons of copperas, 1½ tons of naphtha, and 240 tons of salt.

It being well-known that a quantity of combustible matter was collected in Bertram's Warehouse, the excitement always provoked by a fire of any kind mounted to intense anxiety. A detachment of the military, fifty strong, hastened over from Newcastle with their barrack engine to the aid of the firemen. Streams of vivid blue flame, proceeding from the sulphur, soon began to pour from the windows of the various flats, affording a most extraordinary spectacle; and by three o'clock the whole range was one immense sheet of fire. The alarm had by this time spread in every direction, and had attracted to the scene a large number of the inhabitants on both sides of the river. The Quayside, Newcastle, affording a full view of the burning property, which immediately fronted the Tyne, was crowded with spectators, not one of whom felt the slightest apprehension that he could stand in any danger there.

About ten minutes past three, a slight report, like that of a rifle, was heard, but it occasioned no movement in the crowd. Some three minutes afterwards, however, the unheeded warning received a terrible fulfilment.

The air was rent as by the voice of many thunders, and filled as with the spume of a volcano. The rocky basis of Tyneside trembled, and the vessels lying in the river, chiefly keels, were nearly blown out of the water by the concussion. Old Tyne Bridge shook as if its firmly compacted stones would part from each other, and the iron-bound High Level quivered on its lofty piers as if in a mighty struggle for a prolonged existence. No description can give the slightest idea of the destruction that had taken place, literally in the clap of a hand. Burning piles of brimstone, with bricks, stones, metal, and articles of every description, were thrown up with the force of a volcanic eruption, only to fall with corresponding momentum upon the dense masses of the people assembled, and upon all the surrounding houses. The crowd upon the Quayside and Sandhill was mowed down as by a charge of artillery, many being rendered insensible from the shock, others temporarily suffocated by the vapour, and many more wounded by the flying debris.

An awful calm succeeded for a few seconds, and then, as most of the sufferers regained consciousness, an appalling wail of distress arose in all directions; but many were far removed from all earthly suffering, and their voices were never heard again. The fearful extent of the calamity was now perceptible. The ignited missiles had penetrated into three houses upon the Quayside, standing exactly opposite the fire, to such a prodigious extent that they were in flames in every storey in less than five minutes. The shop fronts and windows on the Quayside, the Sandhill, the Side, and all the neighbouring streets, were almost universally demolished; and the gaslights, for a square mile around the spot, were extinguished in a moment, adding a weird and horrible confusion to the scene. The vibration was distinctly felt at Shields and Sunderland. The workmen at Monkwearmouth Colliery, then the deepest in the kingdom, and at least eleven miles away, heard the explosion, and, it is said, came to bank in alarm. Westward as far as Hexham, twenty miles away; in the north, at Alnwick, thirty-five miles; and south as far as Hartlepool, near forty miles distant, the report was likewise heard, as well as for, at least, twenty miles out at sea. And the flames were distinctly seen during the conflagration at Smeaton, near Northallerton, as well as from Beacon Hill, in the same neighbourhood, about fifty miles to the south.

Of the fifty soldiers of the 26th Regiment who were advancing with their engine to play on the burning warehouse and factory, thirty were struck down—two of them dead, and one with an iron rail driven into his body. Firemen and helping citizens were crushed where they stood, in the narrow roadway of Hillgate, Gateshead, within a dozen yards of the doomed buildings, when the rubbish fell upon them in tons together, causing instantaneous death. Others, looking on in helpless excitement, were in a moment

stricken beyond consciousness by the suffocating fumes, which continued, we may mention, to be so pungent during the whole of the next day as to render it painful to inhale them anywhere near, or even to draw a full breath when passing over Tyne Bridge.

Amongst those who were buried several feet deep among the ruins in Hillgate, were Mr. Robt. Pattinson, tanner, a member of the Newcastle Council, whose hobby was the fire-engine, and who made it a point of duty to help the firemen everywhere, pending their better organization; Mr. Charles Bertram, a magistrate of Gateshead; Mr. Henry Harrison, basket maker; Mr. William Davidson, son of Mr. Davidson, miller (whose extensive premises were within a few feet of the fire, and were afterwards consumed); Mr. Alexander Dobson, son of Mr. John Dobson, architect; Mr. Thomas Sharp, a gentleman of independent means; and Ensign Paynter, of the 26th Regiment.

Of course the explosion greatly increased the extent of the fire in Gateshead. Besides Davidson's flour mill, Wilson's worsted manufactory, and Bertram's warehouse, already mentioned, the following premises of different kinds were totally destroyed:—Mr. Bulcraig's engineering works, Messrs. J. T. Carr and Co.'s timber yard, Mr. Singers's vinegar manufactory, Mr. Martin Dunn's timber yard, Mr. Wilson's fellmongery, and a number of tenemented houses and small shops in Hillgate. Church Walk was almost entirely demolished, with many houses in Bridge Street, the Bottle Bank, Oakwellgate, &c., which it is impossible to enumerate; and St. Mary's Church was saved from destruction only by the courage and energy of Mr. James Mather, of South Shields, who got into the sacred building at the risk of his life, and by means of an engine-pipe which was handed to him, and an axe for which he called, rescued it from the power of the insatiable element.

On the Newcastle side of the river the destruction was more awful and alarming still. It has already been said that the fire broke out in three houses on the Quayside, opposite the warehouse in Gateshead, where the explosion took place. The shops of these premises were occupied by Messrs. Smith and Co., drapers; Messrs. Ormston and Smith, stationers; and Mr. Harbottle, draper. Besides these premises, the shop of Messrs. Spencer and Son, drapers, and the offices above (one of which was occupied by Mr. Bertram, whose death we have recorded), were almost entirely reduced to ruins by stones projected from the site of the explosion. The property immediately behind Messrs. Ormston and Smith's was the Dun Cow, in the occupation of Mr. Teasdale, and the spirits which it contained immediately gave increased energies to the flames, which consumed the whole fabric in less than half-an-hour. The fire then gradually progressed both north and east, making its way in the first direction up Grinding Chare, principally through old warehouses, toward the Butcher

Bank, and, in the second, along the range of buildings on the Quayside. The shops of Mr. Atkin, bookseller, and Mr. Turnbull, watchmaker, as well as the Grey Horse Inn, succeeded Messrs. Smith and Co.'s; and the flames ran thence to the northward, up Blue Anchor Chare and Pallister Chare towards the Butcher Bank. By six o'clock the fire had spread along the Quayside for nearly one hundred and twenty yards, while the extent of it towards the Butcher Bank was rather greater, the fire having travelled up the whole length of Blue Anchor Chare, Peppercorn Chare, Pallister Chare, and Hornsby's Chare, and made a breach into the Butcher Bank by three separate houses, all of which were entirely consumed. A blazing beam of timber, thrown by the explosion high over the Butcher Bank, fell into the workshops of Mr. J. Edgar, situate behind his premises in Pilgrim Street. Here the flames worked their way uncontrolled, destroying a front shop occupied by Mrs. Ann Shield, grocer, on one side, and a large number of tenemented dwellings and workshops adjoining George's Stairs on the other.

When the sun rose, never had his rays exhibited Newcastle in so awful a state as on that October morning. The fire was still extending widely amongst the property near the Quayside, whilst the flames in Gateshead were quite unsubdued, there being, indeed, no means of checking them there, owing to the fire-engines having been almost entirely buried in the ruins.

Soon as the tremendous shock ceased, however, were seen the workings of those faculties in the use of which man looks godlike. No moment of precious time was lost in timid flight or useless wailing. Sorrow was put off in the agony of present strife. The engine of the North Eastern Railway Company was fortunately uninjured, and proved of great service on the Quayside. Communications were sent by telegraph to all the neighbouring towns for assistance. The floating engines at Shields and Sunderland, three land engines from the latter town, and one each from Hexham, Durham, Morpeth, and Berwick were despatched by the authorities of these places. Fresh soldiers replaced their disabled comrades. The vessels that were in danger were moved out of the way, and in those that had been touched by the lighted brands the fire was extinguished. Happily, there was no wind. Thus encouraged, as many as could get near enough to help worked as one man. No danger—not the hot embers nor the shaking walls—deterred the firemen from carrying their hose, or the excavators from moving on with their picks; while every leaping jet of water and courageous venture on to some coign of vantage was cheered by the impatient lookers-on.

As the uninjured regained their presence of mind, every endeavour was made to render relief to the wounded, numbers of whom were carried off on boards and shutters to the Gateshead Dispensary; while upwards of a hundred, from both sides of the river, were taken to

the Newcastle Infirmary. Never were the resources of that great charity so severely tried. Fifty-eight persons, seriously injured, were at once admitted into the house, fifteen of whom died; while sixty-three others were relieved as out-patients.

On the 7th, the fire was got under on both sides of the river, and immediate steps were taken to disinter the remains of those who were known to be killed in Gateshead. The bodies of Mr. Pattinson, Mr. Hamilton (hairdresser), Ensign Paynter, Corporal Stephenson, Mr. Willis (skinner), Mr. Duke (bricklayer) and his son, a child named Conway, and a labourer named McKenny, were thus recovered. On the 8th the body of Mr. Mosely, a smith, was found much disfigured, and about noon there was discovered a charred and crumbling mass, without the least resemblance to humanity. A piece of the coat and a bunch of keys, lying close by, led to its identification as Mr. Alexander Dobson. The next fragments found were those of Mr. Thomas Sharp, shockingly mangled, and only identified by his gold watch and two dog whistles. Several other bodies were discovered in a similar condition. Mr. Davidson was identified by a signet ring, Mr. Harrison by a cigar case, one of the firemen by the nozzle of the engine pipe, and many others by similar articles known to have belonged to them. In Church Walk were found the family of a man named Hart, consisting of himself, his wife, his son, and his niece. No portion of Mr. Bertram's body could be found, but a key, which was known to belong to him, and his snuff box, were discovered among the ruins.

A great amount of evidence was tendered at the inquests as to the cause of the explosion, the general opinion being, that nothing but a vast store of gunpowder could have been the cause of the catastrophe. Mr. Hugh Lee Pattinson, the celebrated chemist, offered an explanation of the disaster, which he attributed to the action of water on the chemicals, whilst Dr. Taylor, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London, ascribed its origin to gas. Mr. Pattinson believed that the heat of the building had inflamed the sulphur, and that gradually the whole mass of nitrate of soda and sulphur in the lower vaults had melted together, producing intense combustion, and a heat such as could not well be conceived. His assumption was, that a body of water, while the contents of the warehouse were in this state, had found its way to the burning mass, and, by the immense expansive power of steam at such a heat, had caused the explosion. In his opinion, 328 gallons of water, acting in this way, would have as powerful an effect as eight tons of gunpowder. Professor Taylor supposed that the sulphur, having taken fire, had inflamed the nitrate of soda, which, he said, would set free half a million cubic feet of gas; and the inability of the gas to escape fast enough through the door of the vault had, he believed, caused the explosion. Both chemists, from various analyses of the ruins, were equally confident that no gunpowder had been

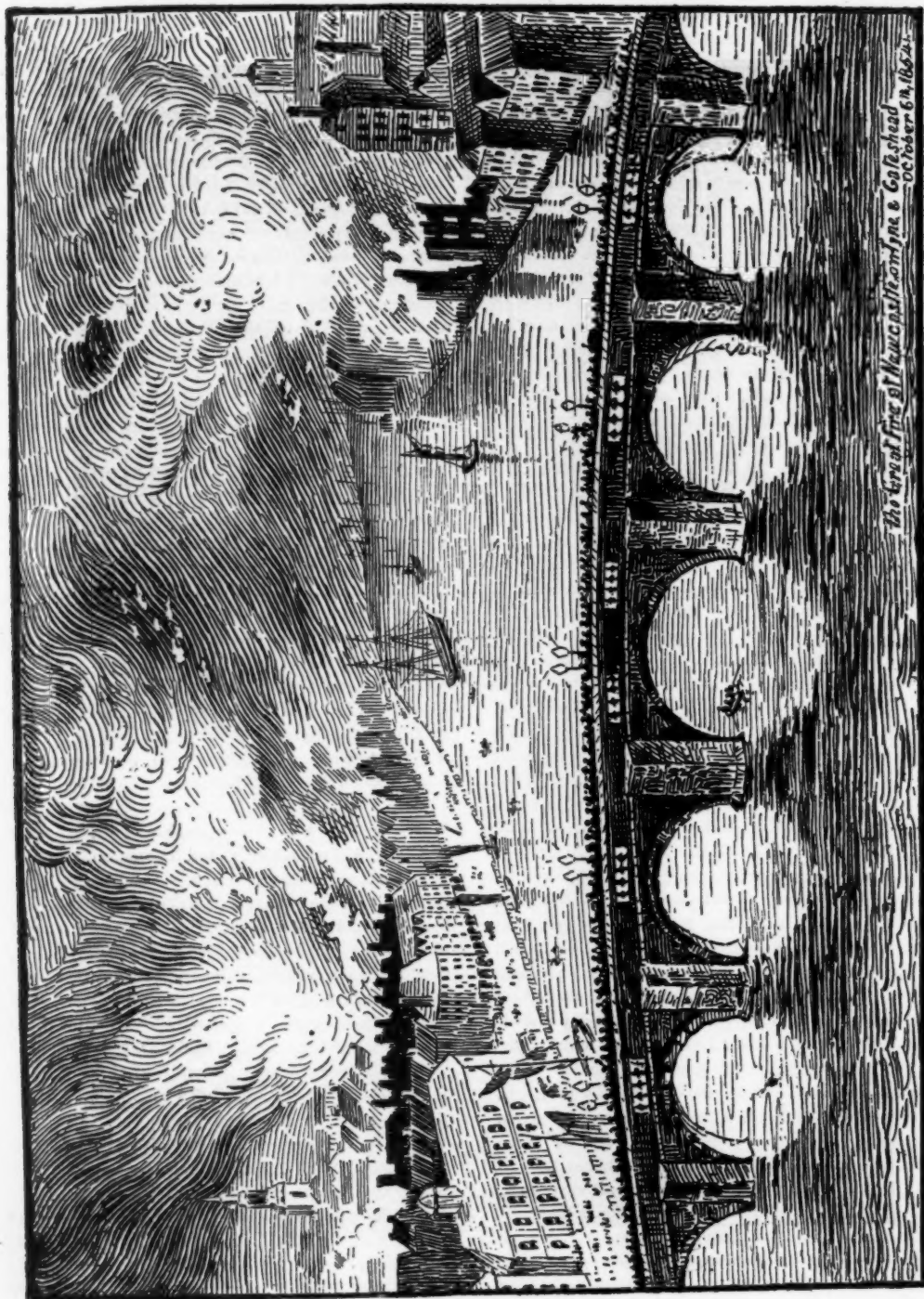
present. The juries, after very lengthened sittings, finally came to open verdicts, expressing, however, their belief that the explosion had not arisen from gunpowder.

The loss by this terrible fire was never accurately ascertained, but it was pretty generally estimated at not much short of a million pounds sterling. Whether the loss of life was accurately ascertained at the time is yet a matter of opinion, but the total number known to have perished was no less than fifty-three.

Perhaps no circumstance can better convey the idea of the immense power of the explosion than the fact that it burrowed into the solid earth and undermined the huge granite blocks which formed the tramway for carts in Hillgate, casting these solid stones to an immense perpendicular altitude, so as to soar above St. Mary's Church, and to project them over it two or three hundred yards into the neighbouring streets. One stone fell through the roof of the Grey Horse, in the High Street of Gateshead, a distance of four hundred yards. Another, nearly four feet long, a foot broad, and eight inches deep, weighing nearly four hundredweight, fell in Oakwellgate, and forced its way into the ground a considerable depth. A third stone, upwards of twenty stone weight, fell through a house in the same street and smashed everything before it. A stone weighing about two hundredweight was blown through one of the high windows of St. Mary's Church, while another, almost equally ponderous, penetrated the roof, and both were found lying in the pews. Large blocks of wood and stone were also projected considerable distances across the river. One stone was embedded in a house left standing at the west end of the Quay. Another was dashed with such violence as actually to penetrate like a bullet through the wall of the engine house of the *Courant* office in Pilgrim Street. A stone weighing 18½ pounds fell through the roof of the premises of Mr. Hewitson, optician, in Grey Street; and this stone, when the workmen came in the morning, was found too hot to be handled. A huge beam of timber about six feet long was hurled upon the roof of All Saints' Church; another piece, about ten feet long, eight inches square, and weighing three hundredweight, was thrown upon the Ridley Arms Inn, in Pilgrim Street; another went vertically through the roof of the Blue Posts Inn in the same street; and yet another alighted upon the roof of a house in Mosley Street. These latter locations were distant about three-quarters of a mile from the point of projection.

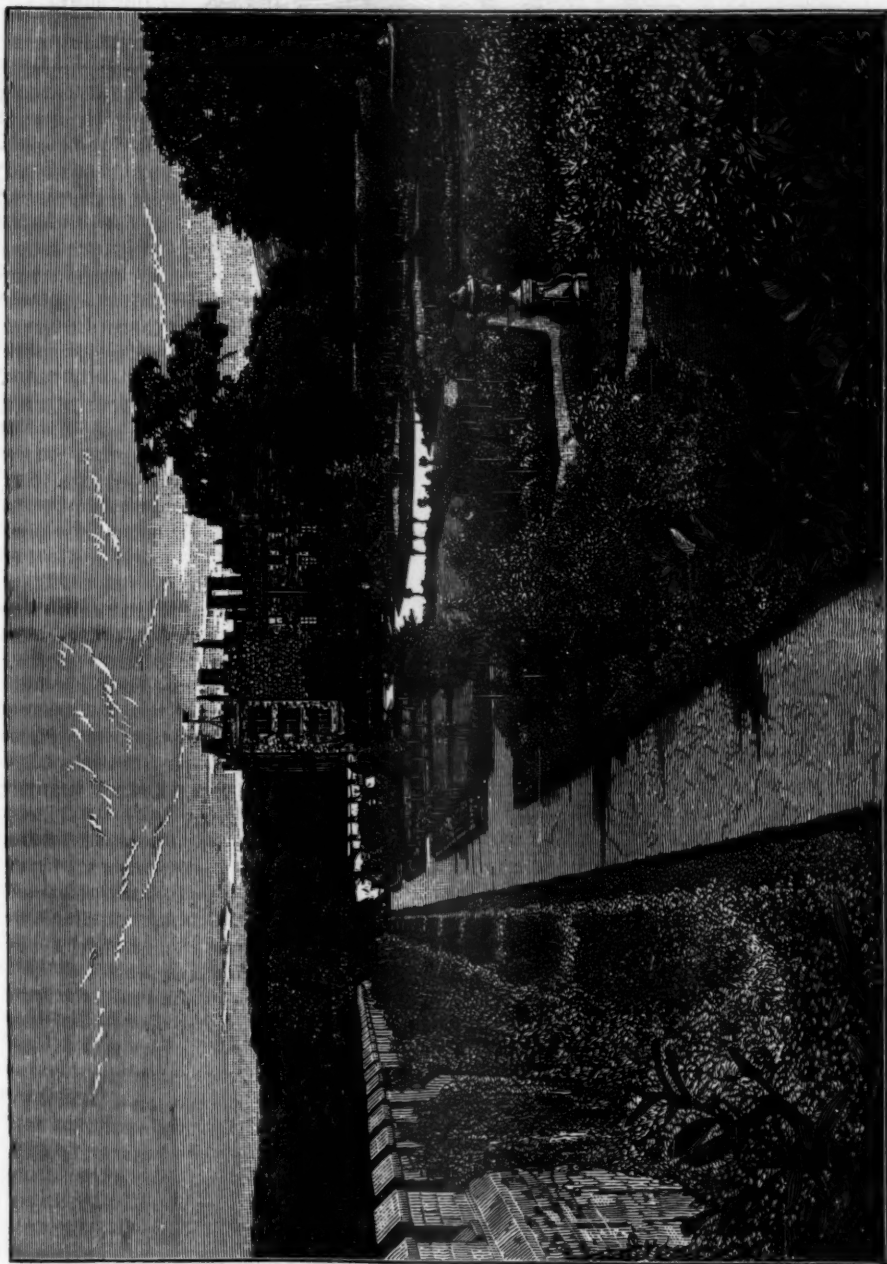
Many strange escapes were recorded at the time of the disaster. Not the least remarkable of these circumstances was the discovery the day after the fire of two children in a house in Hillgate, one in a cradle and the other in a closet, both alive and uninjured, but desperately hungry.

The intense interest in the fire caused the streets in the neighbourhood to be thronged like a fair the whole of



The fire of the St. Vincent's Iron & Coal shed  
October 6th, 1888.





CHILLINGHAM CASTLE GARDENS.

Friday, the day after the disaster; on the Saturday, the numbers were considerably augmented by the market people from the country; and on the Sunday the numbers were almost beyond estimate. Not less than twenty thousand strangers came by rail that day; special trains ran every hour; and such was the anxiety of the people that many had to wait for hours at the stations before they could get forward. Some came to sympathise with the injured, others to mourn with the bereaved, while the greater number, having breathed the noxious and polluted atmosphere which pervaded the town during the whole of the day, returned in the evening with the deep conviction that they would "never look upon the like again."

The public sympathy for the poor people who were rendered destitute by this terrible catastrophe was displayed in the most marked manner throughout the kingdom. Upwards of £11,000 were subscribed for their relief. No fewer than eight hundred families applied for assistance from the fund, and altogether £4,640 was paid for the loss of furniture. In February, 1857, the committee which had charge of the subscriptions stated that £6,533 had been expended, that £3,944 had been reserved for widows and orphans, and that the remainder of the fund was distributed as follows:—Newcastle Infirmary, £1,190; Gateshead Dispensary, £314; Ragged Schools, £195; other charities, &c., £50.

Our sketch of the fire, showing the view from the High Level Bridge, with Tyne Bridge in the foreground, is taken from a drawing by Thomas Hardy, kindly lent us by Mr. Thomas Bell, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle.

## A Northumbrian Flower Garden.



VISIT to the gardens at Chillingham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, would dispel the notion that the bleak and unkindly climate of Northumberland is unfavourable to the growth of flowers. It was to these gardens, the castle itself, and the park containing the famous wild cattle, that the members of the British Arboricultural Society made an excursion in September of this year.

Mr. Bernard Cowan, of South Shields, recording the particulars of the visit in Dr. Robert Hogg's *Journal of Horticulture*, states that the gardens are of the old-fashioned sort—"a mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, and Old English." Accompanying Mr. Cowan's description there was published a view of the gardens and the castle. This view Dr. Hogg has courteously permitted us to reproduce. The engraving is an interesting pendant to the picture and history of the castle that appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 273.

Mr. Mechi, who has been park-keeper at Chillingham for over forty years, and who is immortalised in one of

Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures along with Lord Tankerville, drew the attention of the visitors to a curious reminiscence of fairy lore. "Beside a fine oak tree in the garden is a ring nearly oval of about 20 yards in diameter, and in the centre is a hole amongst stones. The herbage is completely worn away, and yet Mr. Mechi, after forty years' constant observation, has never noticed a living animal of any kind around it. Of course the reader can imagine the interesting tales of this supposed fairy abode."

Concerning the flower garden itself, Mr. Cowan writes as follows:—"It is on the west side of the castle. From the bottom of a grassy terrace is a level plateau of about 130 yards long. The northern boundary is an embattled wall, which is profusely clad with many very fine creepers, Clematis, Jackmanni, Cydonia japonica, Maréchal Niel Rose, Wistaria, Ampelopsis Veitchi being amongst the number. All the beds are geometrical figures, and as it is a mixture of all the old styles the effect is most pleasing. Some beds of roses, apparently Fellenberg, are within little Yew hedges, and these are margined with Alpines in circles, consisting of Sedum acre variegatum, Mentha Pulegium gibraltarica, Sedum glaucum, and Antennaria tomentosa. Phlox beds were also similarly designed. Yew hedges form a conspicuous figure. There were four squares of about 20 yards surrounded with Yew hedges two feet high, top quite flat, and inside was neatly mown grass. Against the embattled wall was a fine ribbon border."

Altogether, as may be gathered from Mr. Cowan's description and Dr. Hogg's picture, Chillingham Castle can boast of one of the quaintest and loveliest flower gardens in England.

## The Streets of Newcastle.

### The Groat and Cloth Markets.



THE Groat Market, on our right as we proceed from the Bigg Market towards Collingwood Street, is so called because there groats were bought and sold. Groats are oats with the hulls off, but unground; they were formerly in great request in the North. In the year 1743 the Common Council confined the sellers of this description of goods to this street, because it was the "ancient and accustomed market place appointed for the sale of meal and groats." The street, indeed, was also at one time called the Meal Market. In 1480, when the Merchants' Guild of Newcastle, founded by King John, was reconstructed, the members of the society bound themselves to go in procession on Corpus Christi Day to hear mass and afterwards perform their play of "Hog Magog," "meeting in the Meal Market at seven in the morning."

At the north end of the street, adjoining Pudding Chare, the Post-house stood in 1736, the postmaster being one James Bell, whose property it was. This house was adorned by a pretty quadrangular area, with a good garden behind, formed on the waste that belonged to the nuns of St. Bartholomew, and bounded on the north by three old houses that belonged to the chantry of the Holy Trinity in St. John's Church. Bourne tells us that in his time "the houses in the Groat Market were generally very ancient and mean." The street has evidently been much improved since his day. It may be succinctly described as a street of taverns, tea-rooms, and eating-houses, with some commodious shops on the Town Hall side devoted to the sale of provisions.

A little below the Pudding Chare is the house formerly known as the Flying Horse. This house has its associations. It is the once famous Hell's Kitchen, about which so many stories have been told, more of them false than true. The kitchen was situated in a yard on the opposite side of which were three other places of rendezvous. The three latter rooms were frequented by highly respectable people, while the kitchen itself was the "beat up" of beggars, tramps, and loafers.

One of the places mentioned was known as the "printers' room." Here gathered, night by night, the literary element of the town in that day; hither came, fresh from the theatre, the critics of the time to state their solemn judgment on the play of the night; and associated with them were a mixed multitude, distinguished for their aptness at song and recital.

We leave this apartment for what has been described to us as "a kind of miscellaneous room." Here the company was mixed indeed; but there was nothing to complain of in their general behaviour. They did not profess to be saints; but, to give them their due, they were not such very great sinners.

And then there was the "old men's room." It may seem a strange regulation, but nevertheless it is true; no smoking after four in the afternoon was allowed in this room. The old boys didn't like the fragrant weed; and the law was laid down accordingly. Each of the veterans had his own seat, his own hat-peg, and his "surroundings comfortable," as an old play says.

The "vestry" was situated behind the bar. To obtain admission therein was somewhat of a task; the admission itself a privilege. In front there was the "cocked hat room," so called because there was a peculiarly-shaped table therein, a sort of triangular affair, which suggested the name to those who settled the affairs of the nation in its vicinity.

The kitchen proper had its whims. One of them was to elect a mayor for the due control of the proceedings during the municipal year. His worship was elected with all form and ceremony, and of course he was "on hospitable thoughts intent" when duly elected. He invited his loyal subjects to dinner. First course; fish.

When that was disposed of, up got Mr. Mayor and said, "Well, gentlemen, you seem to have enjoyed the fish so much that I'm certain you want nothing more excepting the beer." Order accordingly. Now this magnificent first course was—a red herring! When "Jack Huntley," however, was elected mayor, he made an innovation in this respect. He gave his supporters a glorious spread in the shape of some three or four plucks and a sufficiency of liver and bacon. "Jack"—there are some amongst us who still remember him—went to China, whence he sent to Newcastle a descriptive letter in regard to his new surroundings which, by its graphic picturesqueness, considerably surprised his old cronies of the kitchen.

It need hardly be said that so peculiar a company must have had a curious mortal as its controlling head. And Ralph Nicholson, the landlord, was equal to his surroundings. He had his rules, and he stuck by them. If anyone transgressed, the worthy Ralph suspended him from further attendance for six calendar months, at the end of which time the offender was required to report himself, and promise better behaviour. In one instance, an offender, having stayed away for the regulation half-year, walked into the kitchen. Ralph could not tolerate this. "Have you reported yourself?" "No." "Then come this way." Away went the landlord to the door with his truant customer, and said: "Now, do you report yourself?" "Yes, certainly." "Walk in." Such was the discipline of the kitchen! Nicholson had considerable dignity of his own; his successor, Liddle by name, was more—what shall we say?—more "come-at-able." He was usually referred to as "His Satanic Majesty!" Yet, according to all accounts, he was a law-abiding, law-respecting citizen, who could give a joke and take a joke as well as any of his neighbours.

More might be said concerning this almost historic house; but we must pause. We must not dwell on the "safe pints"—the "printers," by the way, were always supplied with pints, and nothing else—and we must reluctantly leave "Auld Nick's Visit to Hell's Kitchen," as described by Robert Emery, alone. We ought, however, to explain that the reason for the name just quoted is that some rough customers used to find their way to Ralph Nicholson's premises now and again. They waxed fightable in their cups, and he would lock them in, and leave them to fight their difficulty out, having always, though, a leaning to the weaker vessel! In other words, he always took care to interfere before any serious mischief was done. In the veritable kitchen, which was the tap-room of the Flying Horse, the poker—a formidable instrument—was chained to the fireplace, lest it should be used in a quarrel; and so we have seen it. There are, however, old veterans who dispute the chained poker altogether; but we think that our story as to the three rooms, the cocked hat, the vestry, and so forth, may sufficiently, and very reasonably, account for that.

Of the other hostleries in the Groat Market one of the most notable is the Black Boy, which is associated in our local history with a serious dispute between the magistrates and the burgesses. On the last day of the year 1771, in pursuance of an order of the Common Council, that part of the Town Moor lying west of the Ponteland turnpike road, from Gallowgate quarry to the West Cowgate, was advertised "to be let for the purpose of being cultivated and improved." This announcement affected about eighty-nine acres of land; and it is not surprising that the burgesses were alarmed at the assumption of power which it implied. Accordingly, meetings of the several companies were summoned, money was collected, and it was resolved to challenge the legality of the order. Sufficient trespass was committed to enable the lessee to sue for damage. At the Assizes in August, 1773, the case was heard, Serjeant Glynn, the Recorder of London, acting for the burgesses. He proved to the satisfaction of the court that the Council had no right to let the Moor; and, by the advice of the Judge, a juror was withdrawn. The end of the matter was that the Council formally abandoned their claim, and agreed to pay £300 costs. They also undertook to join the burgesses in soliciting (at the Corporation's expense) an Act of Parliament confirming to the resident burgesses and their widows their full right to the *herbage* of the Town Moor for two milch cows, and authorising the burgesses to let at one time one hundred acres of the common, the rent to be divided by the stewards of the respective companies amongst their poor brethren and widows.

This, it will be seen, was a substantial victory for the burgesses; and they knew it quite well. They nearly killed poor Serjeant Glynn with kindness, chairing him and cheering him till he was glad to escape from the enthusiasm of his too fervid admirers into his lodgings in the Forth. Then they determined on celebrating the anniversary of the trial, August 10, with great rejoicings. They baited a bull on that part of the Moor which the Corporation had wished to let; they set the bells a-ringing and the guns a-firing; they paraded the streets with bands of music; and they wound up the day with a grand dinner at the Black Boy, which must evidently, therefore, have been one of the principal inns in Newcastle at that time.

Another inn of repute, still much used by farmers and horse-dealers on market days, is the Crown and Thistle. It was "much frequented by commercial gentlemen" in Mackenzie's time; and it seems still to maintain its ancient reputation. But it has no special tradition of any note.

In the Groat Market the Literary and Philosophical Society was located prior to its migration to Westgate Street. There also the local Society of Antiquaries had its lodging at one time. And in Dag's Entry, a narrow passage about half-way down the Groat Market, Dr. Robert Morrison, the celebrated linguist and missionary, worked in his earlier years at his trade as a last-maker.

In the hurry-skurry of this busy thoroughfare let us not forget the noble lesson of this brave scholar's life, born in the humblest circumstances, content to work at a last-maker's stall in an uninviting alley, and yet dying the Chinese Secretary and Interpreter to Lord Napier, the British Superintendent in China, leaving behind him that grandest of characters—the fair fame of a great scholar and a good man.

The Groat Market had a meeting-house of its own at one time, approached by a long narrow entry, but able to accommodate some seven hundred persons inside. It seems to have been built by the Scotch Presbyterian body about the year 1715—the time of the old Pretender's rebellion against the rule of George I. One of its ministers, the Rev. David Grant, was considered a man of considerable abilities, and he brought together a numerous and respectable congregation. He published several of his sermons while stationed here (1782-6). The Rev. David McIndoe (1790-1826) seems also to have been a clever man in his way, but he had defects of character which militated seriously against his ministerial success.

From the Groat Market started some of the coaches in which our forefathers did their travelling. When the present century came in, the Royal Charlotte set out from Mr. Sunderland's there every morning at eight and arrived the third morning after at the Bull and Mouth in London. From the same place also, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at five a.m., went a coach to Carlisle, passing through Hexham at noon and arriving in the Border City at ten at night; while, for the benefit of the newspapers, a vehicle called "Burn's Carlisle News Carrier" left the Bigg Market on Friday evenings at seven, and reached its destination at ten the following morning.

The thoroughfare that is now called the Cloth Market, on the other side of the present Town Hall, had formerly three designations. Part of it was called the Cloth Market, part the Flesh Market, and part the Fish Market. It may be news to some to learn that formerly many of its shops were occupied by drapers; for there is not a rag or a ribbon on sale there now-a-days. Nor is it perhaps generally known that it was anciently inhabited by the mayors, aldermen, and principal merchants of the town. Again, it may surprise some to learn that many houses here had formerly to pay an annual rent to University College, Oxford. Yet all these things were so. And at the foot of the street stood the Cordwainers' meeting-house, which was originally known as "The House of Charitie." This building was at one time the spinn or work-house. A little above it was a large cross, with a lead cistern at the top to hold the new water; and adjoining this was a pillory. Indeed, our fathers saw to it that the canny toon should be well supplied in this respect, at all events:—

A' ower wor toon ther was Pillories stuck,  
Where feuls had to stand an' get plaistored wi' muck!



The principal inn in this short street is the White Hart, which is commended by Mackenzie as "respectable and well-frequented." When George the Fourth ascended the throne in 1820, this hostelry took its share in indicating that his treatment of his queen was unmanly and unjust; that is, its friends and neighbours did. For on the 14th of September of that year "a meeting was held at the White Hart Inn to consider the propriety of co-operating with the committee in London for raising subscriptions at one shilling each to present to Queen Caroline a service of plate."

About the same time, "John Marshall, Old Flesh Market, Newcastle," published a sheaf of political papers, tracts, and pamphlets, all forgotten now, or only preserved by the collectors of curiosities.

As to the name, Cloth Market, we must be guided by indirect evidence. Every August and October fair, dealers in blankets, &c., erected booths in the lower part of this street, and continued there while the fair lasted. Indeed it is only within the present generation that the practice has been discontinued. The booths were similar to those of the ordinary fair. Each salesman stood beside his stall with a blanket on his arm, and importuned all and sundry as they passed by—"Blankets, buy blankets, buy blankets!"—after the fashion of the olden days, and indeed of the modern, too, sometimes.

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### The Battle of Flodden.

**J**AMES IV., King of Scotland, assigned as his chief reason for invading England, in the autumn of 1513, that he desired to obtain satisfaction for the murder of Sir Robert Kerr, Warden of the East Marches, who had been treacherously slain at a Border meeting, during a time of truce, by John Heron, of Ford—"the Bastard Heyron"—and two other Englishmen, named Lilburn and Starhead, whom Buchanan pithily characterises as "most audacious men," and also for the death of the celebrated Scottish Admiral, Andrew Barton, whom the Earl of Surrey's sons, Edward and Thomas, had unwarrantably attacked and killed, as if he had been a pirate, off the Downs, in 1511, when he was returning from a cruise against the Portuguese on the coast of Flanders. Failing to get such redress as he demanded for these outrages, and being further instigated by an amorous letter from the Queen of France, accompanied by a ring from her own finger, and fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses, James, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his English Queen, Margaret Tudor, and of many of his best counsellors, declared war against his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., who was then in the Low Countries, fighting against Louis XII. of France.

Posting from Stirling to Edinburgh, James found him-

self at the head of one of the most numerous and best-equipped armies that a Scottish monarch ever led into the field. His large train of artillery was at that time especially remarkable. With this army, fifty thousand strong, he marched along the coast southwards, apparently with no definite plan of operations, and, entering England on the 22nd of August, encamped on the banks of the river Till, the chief Northumbrian tributary to the Tweed, at a place called Twizel Haugh, half-way between Coldstream and Norham. He remained here two days, and on the 24th August issued a proclamation, promising that the heirs of all who fell in the present campaign should inherit their several paternal estates without payment of the usual feudal fines. The next few days were spent in exploits unworthy to occupy the time of a splendid army such as that which James had brought with him. He first marched down the Tweed, and invested the castle of Norham, which held out for a week. He then returned up the river and besieged and took the castle of Wark. He next advanced a few miles southward, and took and destroyed the small fortalices of Etal and Ford, the latter belonging to Sir William Heron, who was then his prisoner in Scotland. Much precious time was thrown away in these unprofitable undertakings; but that was not all. With the capture of Ford, Lady Heron, a beautiful but artful woman, fell into James's hands, and he is said to have become deeply enamoured of her. She naturally used her influence over his affections to cause still further delay, while she kept up a secret correspondence with the English leaders, to whom time was thus given to concentrate their forces and march against the invaders in imposing strength. Pitscottie's whole story of the king's intrigues with Lady Heron has, however, been doubted, there being several difficulties with regard to dates. But there can be no question that James wasted much precious time before the Border fortresses, which a more skilful and competent general would have boldly left in his rear.

King Henry had not left the defence of his kingdom unprovided for, though he had made little noise in his preparations. When he embarked for France on the last day of June, 1513, he took the Earl of Surrey, one of his ablest commanders, by the hand, and said, "My lord, I trust not the Scots; therefore I pray you be not negligent." And he knew well that he spoke to no deaf ears, for when the Scottish herald gave him warning from James to return home to defend his kingdom, Henry replied that he had left the task of defending it to a nobleman who knew well how to execute with fidelity the charge committed to him. He immediately despatched a messenger to England ordering Surrey to summon the army of the Northern Counties, and to hold himself in readiness to resist the threatened invasion. This the earl did so effectually that before the enemy had been many days on

English ground he was at the head of an army of twenty-six thousand men, with which he marched from Pontefract, through Darlington, to Durham, at which city he received from the hands of the Prior, Dr. Thomas Castell, the invincible banner of St. Cuthbert, the palladium of the Palatinate. On the same day (August 30) he arrived at Newcastle, where he was met by Lord Dacre, Sir William Bulmer, Sir Marmaduke Constable, and other barons of the North. There he appointed a general rendezvous for the army on Sunday, the 4th of September, at the little village of Bolton, four miles from Alnwick. But owing to the coarseness of the weather and the bad state of the roads, which hindered his forces from coming up so fast as they otherwise would have done, the earl was obliged to stay at Alnwick over the Sunday. At that town he was joined by his son, Thomas Howard, Lord Admiral of England, with five thousand men, whom he had brought with him by sea to Shields. From Alnwick, Surrey sent a pursuivant to the King of Scots, upbraiding him with having broken faith and league with the King of England in thus invading his dominions, and offering to fight him in a fair field on the succeeding Friday, the 9th of September, if he would remain in England so long. To this letter of defiance Lord Thomas Howard added a message, informing James that he was the commander who had defeated and slain the pirate Andrew Barton, and that on the day of the battle he would be found in the vanguard to justify the act against him and all his people. The herald found James still encamped at Ford spending his hours listlessly; but the king's spirit was roused by this scornful challenge of his antagonists, and he replied at once that he desired nothing more than the battle offered him, and that he would be ready to fight on the day appointed, at the same time denying flatly the charge of broken faith which had been made against him. With respect to the hostile acts of which the earl complained, a Scottish herald was sent to say that his Highness the King of Scots (Majesty is a title of later introduction) had used his own royal discretion, as he would always do, and that he held himself accountable for all that he did to God alone.

The most experienced of the Scottish nobility had for some days been strongly urging the king to return home. They represented to him that he had already done enough to vindicate his offended honour by ravaging the English Border; that the adjacent country was exhausted of supplies, the weather bad, and winter not far off; and that a great number of his followers, particularly the Borderers, had already slunk away in order to secure what booty they had picked up, as was their usual custom in long campaigns. The veteran Earl of Angus, nicknamed "Bell the Cat," who had earnestly spoken against the war from its commencement, remonstrated so freely with his liege lord upon the impolicy of fighting with his now greatly diminished and partially demoralised

force, that the king hastily said to him, with scorn and indignation, "If you are afraid, you may go home." The old earl burst into tears at this insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his two sons, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers in his stead. The youths were both slain in the conflict which ensued, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. Want of provisions and the continued rains had already spread discontent throughout the Scottish camp. The soldiers were also mortified at seeing James waste in his pleasure the time which ought to have been employed in military operations; so many of them deserted the banners of their leaders, and went off with the plunder they had been able to collect. The best and bravest of them felt that they were not fighting for their country, but merely for an imaginary point of honour. In short, they were not whole-hearted in James's enterprise. But the infatuated king was deaf to all counsels, and, believing there was no force in England able to withstand him now that King Henry was away with his army in France, he would only yield so far as to change his position at Ford, which was not good, for a stronger one on the hill of Flodden. There, after setting fire to Ford Castle, he encamped on an elevation inaccessible on the two flanks, and defended in front by the deep river Till.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 7, Surrey, having been informed of this movement, pushed forward to Wooler Haugh, whence he reconnoitred the new position of the Scots, and saw with mortification that it would be too hazardous to attack it in the front. He therefore tried to draw James down into the plain, and with this object sent a herald with another letter upbraiding the king for breaking his promise, and offering to give him battle on Millfield Plain the next day. "Albeit," said he, "it hath pleased you to change your promise, and put yourself into a ground more like a fortress or camp than upon any indifferent ground for battle to be tried, yet, considering the day appointed is so nigh approaching, I desire now of your grace, for the accomplishment of your honourable promise, you will dispose yourself for your part, like as I shall do for mine, to be to-morrow with your host on your side of the plain of Millfield, in likewise as I shall do for mine, and shall be with the subjects of my sovereign lord on my side of the plain of the said field, to give you battle, betwixt twelve of the clock and three in the afternoon, upon a sufficient warning by you to be given by eight or nine of the clock in the morning by the said pursuivant." This letter was signed by Surrey himself and by the principal commanders of his army.

It is said that James refused to receive Surrey's herald, and that, when he heard the contents of the letter, he replied haughtily that it did not become an earl to dictate to a king. When the English general was informed of the ill-success of his messenger, he pro-

ceeded to act with a decision which showed his contempt for the enemy with whom he had to contend. On the 8th of September he put his army in motion, and, crossing the Till near Weetwood, proceeded behind the high ground to the northward of Doddington, in the direction of Berwick, as far as the village of Barmoor, in the neighbourhood of which, and about two miles from Flodden, the troops lay encamped that night. Early next morning, instead of pursuing his march towards Berwick, the earl faced north-west, and marched by way of Duddo towards Twizel Bridge, where the vanguard of the artillery under Lord Thomas Howard, Surrey's eldest son, recrossed the Till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, while the main body, under Surrey himself, crossed at the mill-ford, about a mile higher up the stream. Before the middle of the day the English army was drawn up in battle array in the rear of the Scottish camp, between them and their own country, with an easy ascent to James's position.

The English had been allowed to make these important movements without the slightest interruption; for James, apparently seized with a fatal infatuation, lost the precious moments in vain altercations with his commanders. As the passage both by the bridge and through the ford was difficult and slow, Surrey's troops might have been attacked with great advantage while struggling with the natural obstacles. When the division led by Lord Howard was seen defiling over the narrow bridge of Twizel, the Scottish chiefs urged James to attack them at a juncture when he might take them in detail and gain an easy victory, but he refused. The master of the artillery, Borthwick, begged to be allowed to bring his guns to bear upon them, but received a peremptory order to remain quiet. The Earl of Huntly, giving similar advice, was treated with scorn. A last remonstrance was made by the veteran Lord Lindsay of the Byres; but James was so deeply offended at it that he threatened to hang him at his own gate on his return to Scotland. In short, the king was either deprived of his reason for the time being, deficient in the first rudiments of the art of war, or so confident of superiority in spirit and valour as to throw away every advantage that fortune gave him. Pitcottie tells us "he was determined to have his enemies before him in a plain field." Well might the Scottish minstrel exclaim:—

What 'vails the vain knight errant's brand?  
O Douglas, for thy leading wand;  
Fierce Randolph for thy speed;  
O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well skilled Bruce to rule the fight,  
And cry "St. Andrew and our right!"  
Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn;  
And Flodden had been Bannockburn.

But it was not to be. The English vanguard, after crossing the Till, advanced towards Branxton, as if their intention had been to occupy an eminence

near that village, a little to the westward of Flodden. By this manoeuvre, the Scots were compelled either to descend from Flodden Hill and oppose them, or allow their enemies to take up a formidable position between them and their own country. So, setting fire to their huts and litter on the summit of the hill, a body of the Scots, under cover of the smoke, which was blown by a south wind towards the English, proceeded to occupy the high ground near Branxton before it could be gained by the enemy. By the time that the smoke had cleared away, the English had crossed the small rivulet named Palin's Burn (Pallinsburn, now the seat of the Askew Family), at a place which Hall calls the Sandyard, and the two armies found themselves face to face, within a quarter of a mile from each other. The English army, fronting to the south, and extending east and west, was formed in three grand divisions, with a strong body of horse in the rear as reserve, under the command of Lord Dacre. Lord Thomas Howard commanded the central division of the van, the right wing of which was led on by his younger brother, Sir Edmund Howard, and the left by Sir Marmaduke Constable. Surrey himself commanded in the centre; and the third division, consisting chiefly of Cheshire and Lancashire men, and placed a little in the rear, was under the command of Sir Edward Stanley. The artillery was in the front, in the intervals between the divisions. The Scottish army was drawn up in four divisions. The extreme right of the English was opposed to the left wing of the Scots under the command of the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home; while that part of the first division which was under the immediate command of Lord Thomas Howard was encountered by the Scots under the Earls of Crawford and Montrose. The Scottish centre was led on by the king himself; while the right division, consisting chiefly of Highlanders, was under the command of the Earls of Lennox and Argyle, with whom were the chiefs of Mackenzie and Maclean. The Earl of Bothwell had charge of the reserve, which consisted principally of the men of the Lothians, who had with them a large train of artillery.

The battle was begun by the Scots. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the division under Huntly and Home made a furious attack upon that part of the English van which was commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, and beat it back, Sir Edmund himself narrowly escaping with his life, after being struck to the ground no less than three times. His brother, the Lord Admiral, alarmed at the vigour of this attack, and seeing the imminence of the danger, hastily sent a messenger to his father, entreating him to extend his line, and thus detach a part of the centre to his assistance. But before this could be done Lord Dacre brought up his horse, reinforced by a troop of fierce outlaws under Heron the Bastard; and, thus supported, the Lord Admiral ad-

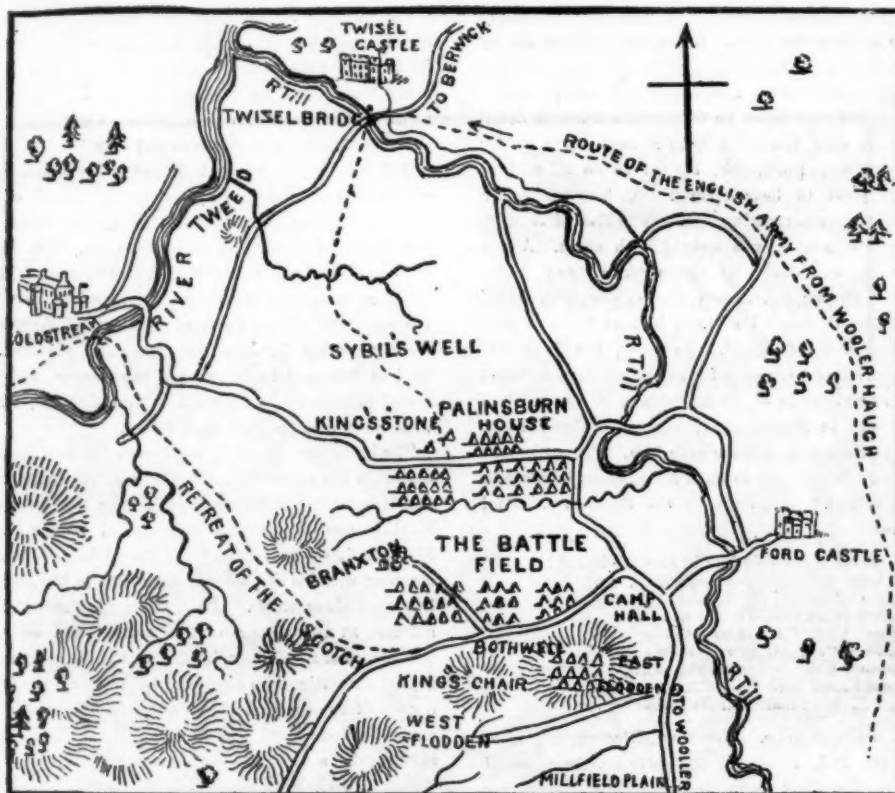
vanced against the Earl of Huntly's division, which consisted

Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Badenoch man,

and drove it back with great slaughter at the first charge. Meanwhile, the rugged Borderers under Lord Home, imagining the victory was gained when the English retreated before their onset, quitted their ranks in search of plunder, which was always their main look-out, and took no further share in the fight. After having pillaged the baggage of both armies, they made the best of their way homewards, and their leader, who is said to have harboured some secret personal grudge against his sovereign, is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. He was said to have stood aloof during the most arduous part of the fray; and when he was required by Huntly to attempt the king's deliverance from the circle of his enemies, a contemporary writer says that he answered that "the man did well that day that stood for himself." Hence it was that the ballad-singers used to shout "Doon with the Yirl o' Hume!" and "Doon wi' the Merse to the De'il!" while lauding to the skies the "Sutors" (it should have been the Weavers) of Selkirk, the scanty

residue of whom, when they left the bloodstained field, managed to bring off with them an English flag which they had taken in the fight, and which is still preserved as a trophy in that ancient and honourable borough.

The pursuit of Huntly's routed division soon brought the English van upon the levelled spears of another large division of the Scottish left wing, commanded by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose. A new and desperate conflict here ensued, in which great valour was displayed on both sides; but it ended before long in the total rout of the Scots, who were driven from the field, their two noble leaders being slain. On the left, the success of the English was equally decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highland and Hebridean "Kerne," commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers, by which they were so dreadfully galled that they could not be kept in their ranks, but rushed forward pell-mell, eager to use their broadswords, on to more even ground, where they at once broke into hopeless confusion. La Motte and other French officers, who were in this division, fore-



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

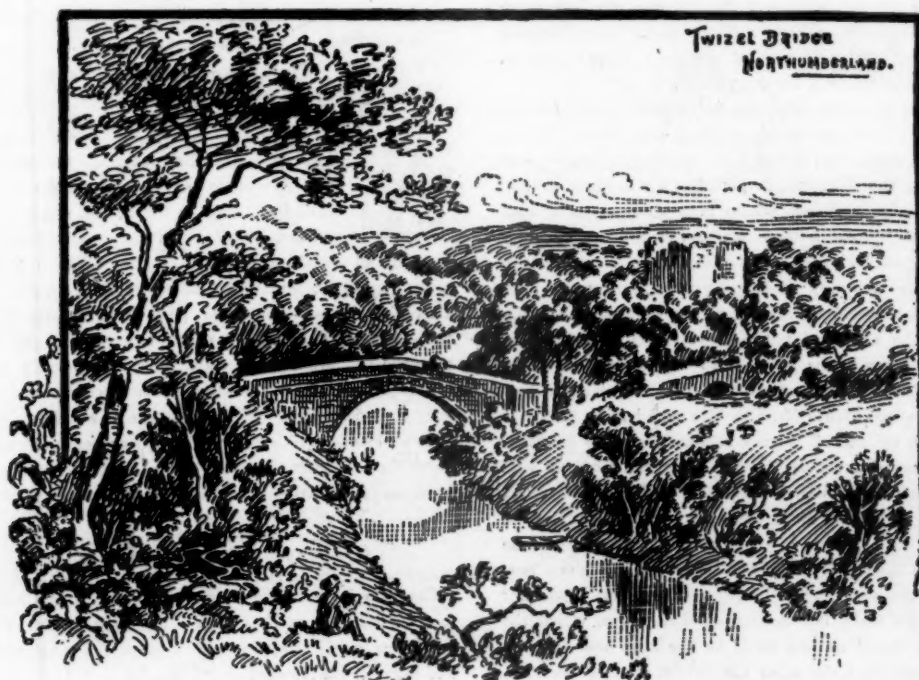


seeing the fatal results of their insubordination, tried to restrain them, not only with words, but with blows. But it was in vain. The Highlanders, in their hurry, impaled themselves on the serried English spears; and when the first force of the attack was spent, the spear-men advanced in their turn, and drove the Scots back with dreadful slaughter. The Earls of Argyle and Lennox, La Motte, and many other men of distinction fell in this disastrous struggle.

The battle was carried on with the greatest obstinacy in the centre, where the king, on foot, surrounded by his principal nobles, encouraged the Scots by his personal bravery, kindled to extravagance of courage by the perils which now surrounded him. Deaf to every advice and remonstrance, he exposed himself to all the dangers of the field. Being sustained by Bothwell and the reserve, he charged on foot, at the head of the best of his troops, whose thick armour resisted the arrows of the English archers, that had galled the half-naked Highlanders so sore. The first rank of the English centre was broken, and the Earl of Surrey's own standard was nearly taken, when the fortune of the day was suddenly changed by the opportune arrival of the division under Lords Howard and Dacre, who, having defeated Crawford and Montrose, threw themselves furiously on the flank of the Scottish centre, which had now to sustain the brunt of the entire force of the enemy. The slaughter

here now became dreadful. Anxious for the fate of their king, and disdaining to fly while he was in danger, the Scots fought with such desperate fury that, when the ground became soft and slippery with blood, the combatants threw off their shoes to obtain a firmer footing. It was late in the evening when Stanley's division attacked the king's division in the rear, and the approach of dusk added to the confusion; yet James, who kept his place in the foremost ranks, continued to encourage his men by his voice and example. At length, struck almost at the same time by an arrow and a bill, the royal hero fell mortally wounded, at a distance of only a few paces from his antagonist, the Earl of Surrey. The Scottish nobles and their followers, rendered still more desperate by the fate of their monarch, rushed round his body, and, forming a circle, still continued to fight, although the increasing darkness made it difficult to distinguish between friends and foes.

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark, impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight;  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host . . . . .  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shattered bands;  
And from the charge they drew,



As mountain waves from wasted lands  
Sweep back to ocean blue.  
Then did their loss his foemen know ;  
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field like snow,  
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,  
Dissolves in silent dew.  
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
While many a broken band,  
Disorder'd, through her currents dash  
To gain the Scottish land ;  
To town and tower, to down and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong.  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife and courage dear  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield !

Besides the king and his natural son (the accomplished pupil of Erasmus Alexander Stewart, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the Pope's Legate), there were slain on the Scottish side twelve earls—Crawford, Montrose, Lennox, Argyle, Errol, Athol, Morton, Cassilis, Bothwell, Rothes, Caithness, and Glencairn—thirteen Lords of Parliament, and five eldest sons of peers. About fifty gentlemen of high rank and chiefs of families fell, and three Churchmen of the episcopal order, besides the Archbishop of St. Andrews, lost their lives. The number of the slain on the Scottish side was from eight to ten thousand, and that on the English side probably not much less than half as many ; but with two or three exceptions the victors lost none but men of inferior note, or common rank and file. It was the Lancashire and Cheshire men that suffered most. Six thousand horses and a splendid park of seventeen pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the conquerors.

During the night after the battle the Earl of Home's followers, with parties of habitual and reputed thieves from Tynedale and Teviotdale, employed themselves in stripping the slain and in pillaging the baggage of both armies. Lord Home, whose men thus returned with rich booty from a field where the noblest of their countrymen had perished, is accused by some Scottish historians not only of keeping aloof during the most important period of the fight, but of having actually seized the king and put him to death after he had escaped across the Tweed to his strong castle of Hume. Buchanan notices the report of King James having escaped into Berwickshire and having been put to death by one of Home's retainers, and he mentions the name of a person, David Galbraith, who was said to be one of six who did the deed. He observes that such accounts are uncertain, though he adds that he himself had heard one Lawrence Telfer say that he saw the king pass the Tweed after the battle was lost. The Scots, according to Lesley, asserted that it was not the king's body, but that of another person, which the English found on the field, as the king was seen by many safe at Kelso after the battle. Some, he adds,

were of opinion that the king survived the battle, and that he had gone to Jerusalem to spend devoutly, in tears and grief, the remainder of his days, at the sepulchre of Christ and other holy places. But "there can be no doubt," says Sir Walter Scott, "that King James fell in the battle of Flodden." He was killed, according to a curious French Gazette published at the time, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey ; and the same account adds that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed. On the other hand, it was objected to the English that they could never produce the iron belt which James constantly wore round his waist in token of penance for having been concerned in or accessory to the death of his father, James III., when a mere boy. But they produced what we should consider a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. James's corpse, or what was understood to be it, was embalmed at Berwick and put into a lead coffin, and, having been sent to London by sea, it was thence conveyed to the Monastery of Sheene, now Richmond in Surrey, and there laid reverently in a crypt or vault. At the dissolution, some years afterwards, it was tumbled into a lumber room, where Stow tells us he saw it lying amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubbish.

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## The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

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### AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

**T**HE celebration of Christmastide by merriment and festivities is more common in the South of England than in the North, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by our proximity to Scotland—neither Christmas Day nor Twelfth Night attracting any attention in that country. For a century after the Reformation, most persevering efforts were made by the Presbyterian clergy to extinguish all observance of Christmas. In this they were largely successful, and thus in some of the Border places there exists only a shadowy idea of Christmastide as a holiday and time of feasting, although we have heard even amongst them the following rhyme repeated by some old people, to whom Christmas itself was only a tradition :—

Yule's come and Yule's gaen,  
And we hae feasted weel ;  
Sae Jack maun to his flail agyen,  
And Jenny to her wheel.

Carol singing has always been a pleasant form of Christmas amusement, and has greatly increased in favour of late years, being now adopted in most of the Established and many of the Nonconformist churches.

Carols are usually of two sorts: one of a scriptural or serious nature, sung in churches and through the streets, and from house to house, ushering in Christmas morning; the other of a more convivial nature, and adapted to the season of feasting and carousing. The convivial or "jolie carols," as old Tusser calls them, were sung by the company or by the itinerant minstrels that attended the feasts for that purpose, during the revelry at the houses of the wealthy throughout the Christmas.

The oldest collection of Christmas Carols is that which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521; the songs are of a festal character, and include the famous Boar's Head Carol, which is still sung annually on Christmas Day at Queen's College, Oxford.

Of all carols, ancient or modern, none seems to be more generally known, or to have attained greater popularity, than the grand old "God rest you, Merry Gentlemen," of the melody of which numerous versions exist, both in the major and minor keys. The tune is of great antiquity, and has been used to other ballads, such as "The May-Day," or "Mayers' Song"—a semi-religious medley, a Puritanical May Song ("of great antiquity," says Hone)—beginning:

Remember us, poor Mayers all,  
And thus we do begin,  
To lead our lives in righteousness,  
Or else we die in sin.  
We have been rambling all the night  
And almost all the day,  
And now, returned back again,  
We have brought you a branch of May.

Our carol is sometimes sung in a major key, but oftener in a minor, and there are many various sets of the second part.

#### GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN.

God rest you, merry gen-tle-men; May  
no-thing you dis-may, For Je-sus Christ our  
Sa-vi-our was born on Christ-mas Day,  
To save us all from Sa-tan's pow'r When  
we were gone a-stray. O tid-ings of  
com-fort and of joy, com-fort and joy, O  
tid-ings of com-fort and of joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed babe was born,  
And laid within a manger,  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which his mother Mary  
Did nothing take in scorn.  
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

From God, our heavenly Father,  
A blessed Angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same,  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name.  
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

Fear not, then said the Angel,  
Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of a pure Virgin bright,  
To free all those who trust in him  
From Satan's power and might.  
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

The shepherds at these tidings then  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a feeding,  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway,  
This blessed babe to find.  
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Where our dear Saviour lay,  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His mother Mary, kneeling,  
Unto his Lord did pray.  
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace.  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth efface.  
O, tidings of comfort and of joy.

#### "What Will Mrs. Grundy Say?"

MORTON, the dramatist, of whom a short account appears in the August part of the *Monthly Chronicle* (see p. 342), was born in the city of Durham. Amongst his numerous works, as there pointed out, was the once popular play "Speed the Plough." It is in that play that the memorable expression occurs: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" As typifying the desire to become acquainted with the general opinion of the public upon any ordinary social topic, the sentence is quoted to this day. Mrs. Grundy, in fact, is the very type of modern propriety.

"Speed the Plough," it may be stated, was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on February 8, 1800. Mrs. Grundy as a dramatic personality is forgotten, and so, for that matter, are the characters who so frequently made use of her name. It may therefore be interesting to give an extract from Morton's play, showing the circumstances under which the popular saying was first used.

Mrs. Grundy, though she does not appear on the

stage, is no mythical personage, but a neighbouring farmer's wife, whose possible hostile opinion was regarded with some trepidation by Dame Ashfield. Here is the extract:—

FARMER ASHFIELD discovered seated on a wooden stool, with his pipe, a jug, &c., on a table by him, Enter DAME ASHFIELD in a cloak and hat, and a basket under her arm.

ASH. : Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

DAME : What news, husband? What I have always told thee; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

ASH. : All the better vor he.

DAME : Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

ASH. : Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

DAME : And I assure thee Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

ASH. : Be quiet, woolye? always ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—What will Mrs. Grundy say?—What will Mrs. Grundy think? Can't thee be quiet, let her alone, and behave thyself pratty?

DAME : Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummus, what she said at church last Sunday.

ASH. : Can't thee tell what parson said? Noa! Then I'll tell thee. A' said that envy were as foul a weed as growa, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' said.

DAME : And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, indeed?

ASH. : Why dan't thee letten her alone then? I do verily think, when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee't ax 'ill be, if Mrs. Grundy's there. Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, doo'e. Has thee brought whoam the *Salisbury News*?

DAME : No, Tummus; but I have brought a rare wudget of news with me. First and foremost, I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle; and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pull'd off his hat to me, and said, "Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband." So, there he stood without his hat. Oh, Tummus, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked—

ASH. : Dom Mrs. Grundy; be quiet, and let I read, woolye?

When Farmer Ashfield has read the letter, which announces the marriage of his servant Nelly to Sir Abel Handy, the Dame exclaims:—"Our Nelly married to a great baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs. Grundy will say?" And so on, over and over again, all through the play.

## The Ghostly Bridal of Featherstonehaugh.



FEATHERSTONE CASTLE, situated on the South Tyne, between Haltwhistle and Alston, has already been described and illustrated in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. ii., p. 40L.) The woods in the neighbourhood of the castle have always had the reputation of being haunted.

Tradition tells of a certain Abigail, the only daughter of one of the Featherstonehaughs, long the owners of the estate, who regarded her with more than ordinary

affection. Family pride, however, impelled him to thwart the young lady's wishes in her first and only love affair. His fond hope was to see her united with a husband of his own choosing, a man of equal birth and fortune with his own, and of unexceptionably good character. But Abigail had unfortunately bestowed her affections upon a young gallant of somewhat doubtful lineage, who boasted himself, indeed, to be of gentle birth, a perhaps he was, but whose means of supporting the dignity he assumed were doubtful, as he had no landed estate, honest profession, or known settled allowance, and nobody could take it upon him to ask or do more than guess from whence his lavishly spent income was derived.

Determined that no such misalliance should take place in his family, Featherstonehaugh sternly forbade his daughter's accepted lover ever again to appear at or near the castle; and Abigail was prohibited from carrying on any correspondence of whatever kind with him, on peril of her father's displeasure and curse. Her wedding, moreover, was hastened on, the bridegroom being the eldest son and heir of a neighbouring baron—a young man in every way eligible as a husband or a son-in-law, but regarded with indifference, if not aversion, by the young lady.

The marriage ceremony having been duly performed by the priest of Haltwhistle, and the happy pair (to use a conventional stock phrase) having received the bluff baron's fatherly benediction, bridegroom and bride sallied forth, at the head of a gay band, to ride round the bounds of the barony, along by the Ash Holm, past the Slaggy Ford, and away up through the Coney Wood, over the Black Ley, up the Dowly Cleugh, over the Wolf Hills, and through the Tod's Wood, the Ram's Shaw, the Pinkyn Cleugh, and so back home. They promised to return ere nightfall, in order to partake of a sumptuous banquet prepared in honour of the occasion.

The day waned and the feast was spread. The cook and her assistants had everything ready to put upon the tables smoking hot, like Johnny Virtue's proverbial pies, the moment the guests should appear. Swarms of menials thronged the place, ready to act more or less deftly the part of waiters; and at least a dozen minstrels were in attendance, some of them with laudatory epithalamiums of their own inditing, and sure to obtain a rich guerdon in meat, drink, and money—at least so they thought and hoped.

But sunset came and night set in, and still the cavalcade did not return. The baron became peevishly impatient, for he liked to have his meat piping hot, and done to a turn, and never overdone, and least of all warmed up again. The servants stood kicking their heels and biting their thumbs, and nudging, pinching, and scratching each other, having nothing better to do. And the minstrels, poor fellows, sat fingering and strumming on their harps, and screwing and unscrewing their pipes,



and wondering whether the signal to "play up" would come that blessed night.

The baron traversed the tessellated pavement of the hall backwards and forwards, many a weary turn, growing every minute more and more fretful. One messenger after another was despatched to see what had become of the errant company. But they all returned as they went, having seen or heard nothing of them. It was quite unaccountable; alarming, too, if any untoward accident had happened. But what sort of accident could it be to detain the whole company, bride and bridegroom and all?

Midnight drew near, and still no news. But no sooner was the black keystone of night reached than suddenly the sound of many hoofs broke the dead stillness of the surrounding woods. The cavalcade, for such it was, was heard to approach slowly. It halted a moment beneath the gateway, and then crossed the ditch by the draw-bridge, which seemed to lower itself without mortal hands, and quite noiselessly, there being neither challenge of warder nor clank of chain. Into the hall the company now marched, without a word of greeting or explanation. Foremost came the bride and the bridegroom, then followed the rest of the troop. All took their seats in profound silence. The baron, despairing of their coming, had dismissed the servants to their beds, and the minstrels had likewise left the hall. The spacious apartment was therefore now empty, but for the baron's dignified presence in it, and he had been dozing, half or wholly asleep, for a good while. When the taciturn wedding train entered, he roused himself, and sat bolt upright in his chair at the head of the centre table. But he was instantly transfixed with astonishment. And well he might; for he saw that each of his guests, his daughter and son-in-law included, had the unmistakable ashy pallor of death on his or her visage, only relieved, in the case of many of them, by long streaks of blood and ghastly gaping wounds, while the features of some of the party were painfully distorted, as if they had died in great agony; and all their eyes were wide open, with a cold glassy glare, horrid to behold. A shudder ran through the baron's frame, and his limbs trembled beneath him. He rose to his feet and crossed himself mechanically. That instant a sound, as of a mighty rushing wind, hissed through the hall, and deadened while it lasted the sense of everything else. When it ceased, as in little more than the twinkling of an eye it did, the unearthly bridal throng had disappeared. The hall was empty.

When the butler came in at early dawn, he found his master stretched on the floor in a swoon, out of which he was roused only to fall into another, and then another, and yet another; and when he had been with difficulty recovered out of the last of these swoons, it was found that the poor man had utterly lost his reason. He lived for a few months afterwards—a helpless, hopeless maniac, and then "slept with his fathers."

The tradition is that the bridal party, on their return to the castle, had been surprised in the gorge of Pinkyn Cleugh by a band of freebooters, headed by the discarded lover of the youthful bride, who meant to carry her off and make her thus his own. The resistance made by the wedding party, however, was of too desperate a character to permit him to execute his design. The bridegroom and his friends fought like lions, and several of the robbers fell. At length a fatal shaft, glancing aside, pierced the fair lady who was the innocent cause of the contest, and she sank to the ground lifeless. The bandit then, enraged at her loss, and maddened with grief, sprang like a wolf at his rival's throat, and a deadly struggle ensued, in which both received mortal wounds, so that they died there and then, convulsively locked together, and the warm heart's blood of the husband and the lover ran together in a mingled stream into a hollow stone near at hand, where the ravens afterwards drank it, in joyous carousal. When the skirmish was over, there did not remain a single member of the brave party which had left Featherstone that morning. All had fallen in the fatal cleugh.

No wonder, this being so, that the ghosts of these unfortunates should walk, or rather ride, their ghastly round on each anniversary of the foul massacre. Often and often have they been seen, though not, we believe, of recent years. Belated travellers, on their way through the woody defile of Pinkyn Cleugh, once almost laid their account with meeting them; and consequently very few dared to pass that way after nightfall, or, indeed, cared to be there alone at any time. New lords had of course new laws; old paths were disused and shut up; walls were built across what had formerly been bridle or cart roads: but the Ghostly Bridal, as often as it appeared, took always its original route, and passed uninterruptedly through the most high and massive wall, or the densest quick-set hedge, as if no material obstacle could stop it. And if anyone who had the ill or good luck to see it went the next day to examine the road along which it had seemed to go, he would find no trace of its ever having been there—the sandy road untrodden, the wall entire, the hedge without a gap, and the thick underwood and matted grass choking up the long-disused and utterly obliterated path, without the slightest appearance of its having been disturbed for months or years. The hollow stone into which the life blood of the rivals flowed, to be a rich banquet for the ravens, is still shown, we are told, in a wood near the castle, the scene of the fatal skirmish.

Like all popular traditions, this tale is related with variations. We have followed in the main particulars the late Mr. William Pattison's version, as given in the "Local Historian's Table Book." Where our account differs from that, we have followed what we believe to be good oral authorities, who may, however, have been, like Sir Walter Scott's grandmother, "awful liars."

## The Murder of Bishop Walcher.

**S**HORTLY after the Norman Conquest, Egelwin, Bishop of Durham, who had resisted the invasion, died in confinement, and the see remained vacant till the Conqueror could find a man after his own heart to rule over the distant Northern Province, which still remained hostile to his rule. At length he selected a man of noble birth in Lorraine, who had received an excellent education at Liege, and was distinguished by sanctity and learning. His name was Walcher, and he entered upon the duties of the episcopate in the early days of March, 1071-72. The historians of the bishopric tell us that his conduct was virtuous and amiable, that his religious principles were held in high esteem, and that it was hoped he would help to reconcile the turbulent Northerners to the new order of things. Shortly after his appointment the king conferred upon him the earldom of Northumberland, vacant by the deposition and death of Waltheof, and it is probable that either then or at some shortly subsequent period, by grant or tacit permission, palatine powers were assumed by Walcher to the same extent in which they were constantly held by his successors. He could levy taxes, raise defensible troops, grant charters, coin money, and establish his own courts of justice and equity, with power of life and death. The boundaries of the bishop's lands were at this time extensive. The bishopric included the entire tract between the rivers Tees and Tyne, with the exception of Sadberge and Barnard Castle, the district of Bedlington, Norham, Holy Island, and Craike. Besides these, the bishopric covered Hexhamshire, formerly the see of Wilfrid, the city of Carlisle, and a part of Teviotdale. Thus Walcher was in truth the great warden of the Scottish Border, at that time a post of which the peril was quite commensurate with the dignity.

The country was distracted by civil dissensions, the vale of Tyne being inhabited principally by moostroopers and freebooters; whilst, at the same time, it was, in a military point of view, almost undefended. Of the Saxons who disdained to submit to the Norman ruler, many took refuge within the Scottish Border. Among these was Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon royal line, and the husband of the sister of Malcolm, King of Scotland. The huge and noble fortress, which afterwards changed the name of the old Roman Station, Pons Ælii, to that of Newcastle, remained to be erected by Robert, the son of the Conqueror. Durham was but slenderly defended. Of the Roman Wall and its chain of stations, a few ruins alone remained. Thus the tract north of the Tyne was really a debateable land, claimed alternately by English or Scotch oppressors, but in a state of perpetual warfare, and, of course, all but anarchy. Religion was

disregarded; education, except in the use of arms, was unknown; and the absence of law, and the general insecurity of life and property, caused vice, crime, and cruelty to grow to an enormous height. Nor were the partisans of the bishop free from the vices and stains of the time. They in return plundered and ravaged the fields of those who marauded upon them; and the Saxon nobles who ventured to remain were singled out as proper victims for Norman rapacity or cruelty.

The union of temporal and spiritual duties in the bishop was not a happy one. The Northumbrians regarded the bishop from his civil capacity in a light in which they had never seen any of St. Cuthbert's successors, and from their hatred to one of his characters lost their reverence for the other. The veneration in which the people were accustomed to hold their bishop was dreadfully shaken when they saw the holy prelate taking on him the exercise of legal severities, and enforcing the laws of the usurper, whose name, character, and cruelties they held in the utmost detestation. Symeon of Durham states that Walcher was a man of moral life, and for virtue and good manners worthy the affection of the best of men. But it is certain, from all authorities, that he made an improper choice of ministers and favourites. His kinsman, Gilbert, was entrusted with the administration of the earldom, and his chaplain, Leofwin, was his archdeacon and confidant.

The anarchical state of the country at last resulted in the death of Bishop Walcher. Liulph, a Saxon noble, of high connections, who was himself honoured with the friendship of the bishop, ventured to remonstrate with him on some depredations which his own estates had suffered at the hands of the bishop's two deputies. Leofwin, thinking himself particularly affronted by Liulph's charges, solicited Gilbert to put him to death, and the latter readily undertook and executed the commission. This act of violence increased the tumult of the Northumbrians, by whom Liulph was greatly beloved. The bishop was marked out by the irritated population as the secret instigator, or, at all events, protector of the assassins of Liulph, who were certainly not arraigned, nor punished, for a crime too common in those unsettled times. To convict and punish the offenders was probably beyond the bishop's power, situated, as he was, with few adherents, and surrounded by a lawless and disaffected people. The result was that Walcher himself fell a sacrifice to popular revenge.

Not long after Liulph's murder, the bishop, in the exercise of his civil jurisdiction, held a public assembly of his council and ministers at Gateshead, whither the suitors repaired; and although the following catastrophe, Symeon says, was predicted to him by a man risen from the dead at Ravensworth, yet he went thither without a sufficient military force to secure him from injury, depending on the veneration hitherto paid to the sacredness of his office. The appearance of the people

immediately indicated their disposition for mischief; they were insolent and refractory. The bishop was at length alarmed for his safety, when it was too late to obtain succour. It would appear that he assured the enraged Tynedale men that the assassins should be sought out, and, if found, brought to condign punishment. This proposition the half-civilized borderers treated as a mere plausible subterfuge to baffle their love of retaliation; and a cry soon arose of, "Short rede, good rede—slea ye the bishop!" (The shortest plan is the best—slay ye the bishop!)

The few guards who accompanied Walcher were immediately overpowered, and the bishop, with those who remained alive, took refuge in the church. Those who conceived they could influence the people went out to appease them; but, without respect of persons, many were slain. The bishop commanded Gilbert to go forth and endeavour to reconcile their wrath, but he was an immediate victim to their vengeance. Some of the rioters set fire to the church, whilst others guarded the door, and put everyone to death that attempted to depart. Those who remained within, no longer able to endure the heat of the flames, rushed out and were instantly slain. The last of the assembly was the venerable prelate. Between the impending evils, for a moment he was indeterminate what death he should die. The fire urged him to the sword of his enemies; the latter drove him back to the flames. At length no time was left for irresolution. The fire blazed upon him on every hand. Putting up a short prayer to Heaven, he advanced towards the howling and clamorous multitude. With one hand he made a fruitless signal to command silence; with the other he crossed himself; then, folding himself in his robe, he veiled his face, and fell, pierced to the heart by a lance. The catastrophe happened on the 14th May, 1080, the bishop having held the see for nine years and two months. His mangled body was, after the tumult passed, conveyed to Jarrow Monastery by the monks, and thence to Durham, where his bones repose in the cathedral.

Some historians assert that Walcher was slain by Eadulf, surnamed Rus, great-grandson of Uchtred, Earl of Northumberland. Certain it is, however, that the death of Liulph, and the fate of the bishop, were the consequences of an insurrection of the entire Tynedale population. After the catastrophe at Gateshead, the assailants entered Durham, where they besieged the bishop's castle for a few days in vain, and then dispersed, dreading the vengeance of the king. It was not long in finding them. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, at the head of an army, sent by William for the purpose, ravaged the North, and revenged, on innocent and guilty alike, the death of the unfortunate Walcher.

## Haydon in Newcastle.



HALF-A-CENTURY ago Newcastle was honoured with a visit from the celebrated historical painter, Benjamin Robert Haydon. This event took place seven years before the unhappy artist, disgusted with the taste of a community which hurried in crowds to see Tom Thumb, but which would not deign to bestow a glance on a great picture he was then exhibiting in London, committed suicide. Delirious with disappointment, poor Haydon died by his own hand on June 22, 1846.

It was in 1839 that Haydon made a tour among the chief provincial towns for the purpose of lecturing on art. Invited by the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, of which Mr. J. M. Greenhow and Mr. W. Locky Harle were secretaries, he delivered a course of six addresses in Newcastle. The first address was made in the Literary and Philosophical Society's rooms; the remaining five in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street. The lectures took place on alternate evenings, so that it was Friday, April 12, before the course was concluded. Haydon seems to have been well satisfied with his reception on the opening night, for he thus writes in his journal under date of April 1, 1839:—

Lectured last night at Newcastle, and was received with great enthusiasm. The fair was going on. The Chartists had a meeting and tea party; but the people to see the wild beasts and swings beat them hollow as to numbers. I visited their room, ornamented with laurel and flags, with inscriptions of "Liberty," "The Labouring Man the True Nobility," &c., &c., as if the power of saying that was not evidence of independence.

The Chartist meeting to which Haydon alluded in this extract was a public tea-party which was then given in honour of Thomas Doubleday. As he visited the room in which the entertainment was held, it was probably in the company of his friend Sir John Fife, whose guest he was for three or four weeks.

The artist's intimacy with his host, which lasted till his tragic death, is said to have been commenced in a rather singular manner. Haydon's fine picture, "The Judgment of Solomon," was first exhibited at the rooms of the Water Colour Society. Fife, then a young medical student in London, happened to be dining at a coffee house one day, when he remarked to a friend that he had been to the Water Colour Society Exhibition. "And what did you see there young man?" inquired a stranger who was sitting near him. Although somewhat taken aback, the young man replied, "Sir, I saw a great picture," and he proceeded to describe with enthusiasm all the beauties of Haydon's masterpiece. "Ah!" said the stranger, much pleased as he clapped the critic on the back, "I see you know something about it. I painted that picture. My name's Haydon."

It may be added that Haydon, in the course of one of

his lectures, congratulated the town on the possession of one of the best portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that of Sir Walter Blackett, then in the Infirmary. This portrait (see page 446), which still adorns the board room



of the institution, was presented by Sir John Trevelyan in July, 1777, six months after Sir Walter Blackett's death.

### Stonechats, Whinchats, and Wheatears.

**C**HATS, which are among the prettiest of the feathered tribe that frequent the Northern Counties, belong to the sub-family of *Erythrina*, or redbreast kind, which includes the well-known robin, redstart, and other similar birds.

The stonechat is a bird of wide distribution over Europe and Asia, including India and Japan. In many parts of this country it is a partial migrant; but in the Northern English Counties, as Mr. John Hancock remarks in his 'Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham,' it is an all-the-year-round resident. "It is usually seen," he says, "where there is a large tract of 'whin' (furze), perched upon the highest twig, uttering its well-known lively, clinking note. Its nest is generally placed in the whin; I have also met with it in heather and juniper bushes." I have found stonechats fairly numerous in the neighbourhood of Lanchester, Durham, especially in the whin covers on the slopes of the hills, or outside high-lying plantations. The stonechat—and Mr. Duncan's sketch is characteristic and life-like—is a lively,

restless little fellow, and very busy and noisy when he is attending to the wants of his mate and young brood. Its food is similar to that of the other chats. It seems especially fond of flies, which it takes on the wing, darting from the top of some low bush or shrub, or even a tall weed standing high above the grass in the fields. Its ordinary note, hence its several common names, is "chat, chat, chat," not unlike the sound made by striking two stones together. It is a handsomely marked bird. In the male the head, neck, and part of the back are a glossy black, the tips of the feathers being slightly "marbled," so to speak. The bill is short, sharp pointed, and slender, and of a rather lighter tinge than the head feathers. The breast, well down to the abdomen, which is dun-coloured, is in the cock nearly as ruddy as that of the robin. The wings and back are brown, the latter mottled, with oval dark spots. The greater wing coverts



are edged with dark brown, the wings hanging slightly down, as shown in Mr. Duncan's drawing. On the lesser wing coverts there is a band of white. The tail is short, very dark brown, and slightly elevated in a somewhat saucy manner. The lower part of the back, joining the tail, is of a lighter colour than the upper part, and slightly tinged with red where it joins the tail. The female is rather smaller than the male, and not of so conspicuous a plumage.

The whinchat has a few common names peculiar to different parts of the country, such as grasschat and furzechat. It is widely distributed, like its relatives, the other chats. In Europe, in summer, it is found in nearly all the Scandinavian countries, in Central and Southern Russia, and most of the Continental countries as far south as the shores of the Mediterranean. It is common in Northumberland and Durham, as Mr. Hancock points out. "It is difficult to say," observes Mr. Hancock, "why this bird has been named whinchat, for it never breeds in the whin or furze, and shows no partiality to it. In some parts of Durham it is called the haychat, and it is constantly met with in hayfields,"—where the present writer, by the way, has most commonly found its nest, but never far from the hedges or stone walls which bound the meadows or grass fields. The Rev. F. O. Morris



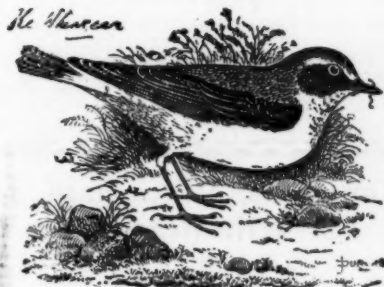
("British Birds"), on the other hand, says the nest is placed in the lower parts of a gorse (whin) bush a few inches above the ground, where the thorns and stalks are dying off, so that the materials of the nest assimilate in appearance to the situation in which it is placed. More frequently, he adds, it is placed in the grass at the foot of a whin bush, and a nest has been found in a hedge adjoining a road. Allowing for different localities, both Mr. Hancock and Mr. Morris are no doubt right. Most



birds, the whinchat included, have to accommodate themselves to circumstances; and where low whin bushes are plentiful and coarse grass scarce, the birds will build under whin bushes, or even in hedge bottoms, in the absence of more favourite cover. The whinchat has a rather sweet, though changeable and desultory, song, which it gives forth when perched on a tall tuft of herbage or some adjacent bush. Macgillivray describes their ordinary note as a "peep, tick, tick, tick, tick," each syllable repeated from one to six times, though rarely so often as the latter, and accompanied by a slight uprising of the wings and a shake of the tail. The principal food of the bird consists of flies, beetles, and other insects, slugs, caterpillars, worms, and the smaller mollusca; and some authorities say it is also fond of wild berries. The female resembles the male, but her plumage is less bright and not so distinctly marked. Whinchats first make their appearance in this country towards the middle or end of April, and leave the Northern Counties for their Southern migration about the middle of October.

The wheatear, in most parts of the country, is, as a rule, our earliest spring visitor, closely followed by the ring ouzel and chimney swallow, and rather later by the willow warbler. By the middle or end of March, sooner or later, according to the character of the season, it puts in an appearance on our Southern coasts, and then travels inland, especially northwards. The males, fine large birds, in all the glory of their nuptial plumage, arrive first, and are joined in a few days by the females. The wheatear is a bird of wide distribution over Europe, from the icy North to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. It also occurs in Asia Minor, Asia, and in Arctic America. In this country, like many other birds, it has a variety of

names, some of which are rather confusing, as being applied to another member of the chat family, the stonechat. In addition to the most popular name of the wheatear, it is known as the fallow-chat, whitetail, white-rump, stone-chacker, chack-bird, and clod-hopper. Mr. Duncan's drawing will give a better idea of the bird than a long written description. The male is a handsomely-plumaged bird, about the size of a lark. The bill, legs, and feet are glossy black. The varied markings of the plumage, well shown in the illustration, are bluish grey above, black, brown, reddish orange, and white. The wings are long, nearly black, flecked with brown and white, and the tail black and white. When the bird is on the wing the white rump feathers are most conspicuous: hence one of its common names, white-rump. Its food consists chiefly of small beetles, flies, caterpillars, &c. When perched on stone walls or boulders on a warm, sunny day, it may be seen springing up and catching flies, almost as dexterously, and not unlike, the spotted flycatcher. It nests in various localities, according to circumstances—sometimes in rabbit burrows, where the stock-dove may be found nesting in the same hole. At other times the nest may be found hidden in turf dykes, and again in ploughed fields. On the Eng-



lish South Downs, during the autumn migration, vast numbers of these pretty birds, then plump and fat, are snared for food. Pennant says that nearly two thousand dozen have been taken in one season in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne, Sussex, alone. The catching time on the Downs, when the birds are hurrying to the coast for their oversea journey South, is from the last week in July to the third week in September, and the shepherd trappers manage each from five to seven hundred traps. One shepherd has been known to take eighty-four dozen in a single day. Bishop Mant well describes the habits and haunts of the wheatear in low fertile lands:—

In the wild rabbit's haunt, or field,  
Where the brown fallow, newly tilled,  
The reptiles 'mid the crumbling soil  
Upturns, or flies, his favourite spoil,  
Fain would I see the wheatear show,  
In the dark sward, his rump of snow,  
Of spotless brightness.

HENRY KERR.

## Notes and Commentaries.

### WESLEY'S ORPHAN HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

The sketches which appear on pages 504 and 505 are copied from a work entitled "The Orphan House of Wesley," by the Rev. William W. Stamp, published in 1863. It was mentioned in that work that the view of "Mr. Wesley's Study" (p. 505) was taken from a painting in the possession of Mr. John B. Falconar, Newcastle. The letter S denotes the narrow staircase which led to the preacher's apartments below, while the letter D indicates the entrance to the study. John Wesley, on his second visit to Newcastle, took steps to form a permanent centre of operations in the town. Land having been obtained on liberal terms from Mr. Stephenson, grandfather of the present Alderman Stephenson, immediately outside the Pilgrim Street Gate, building operations were commenced forthwith. In March, 1743, meetings were held in the shell of the new house. It was the second preaching house erected by Wesley, the first having been built in the Horse Fair at Bristol in 1730. The lower part was a chapel, fitted up with pulpit and forms; galleries were afterwards added; above were class-rooms for the use of the society; higher still were apartments for the preachers and their families, while on the roof was a little wooden erection, eleven feet square, called "Wesley's Study," the materials of which were carefully preserved at the demolition of the old building, and re-erected in their original form in the grounds of Mr. Solomon Mease, North Shields. The Orphan House was so named after a similar institution founded at Hayle by Professor Francke, in 1698, for the instruction of poor children. In 1820, Brunswick Chapel was erected, after the model of Waltham Street Chapel, Hull. The Orphan House was thus left for scholastic purposes. Finally, the old building was taken down, and the new Orphan House Schools, as they now stand, were erected in Northumberland Street in 1857.

EDITOR.

### BLIND WILLIE.

A writer in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* some twelve or fifteen years ago gave a description of Blind Willie's manner. The description may be given as a pendent to Mr. Stokoe's account of the song "Buy Broom Buzzems," p. 516. While the writer was sitting in a well-known Newcastle hostelry, Blind Willie made his appearance. What followed is thus related:—

With the instinct peculiar to blind people Willie made his way instantly to us. We rose at once, and handed him a chair. Willie's dress was generally grey, and he wore buckles, like our keelmen of old. He always went without a hat, and groped his way about wonderfully.

As soon as Willie got seated, he said, "Bonny beer, bonny beer." We took the hint, and at once ordered a pint of beer to be brought to him. Willie went on, "God blish the king—God blish the king; never sheed him—never sheed him; poor shoul—poor shoul!"

"Willie," we said, after he had taken a good draught of

the beer—"Willie, we once heard you sing a little song. Will you kindly repeat it?"

"Shartinly, Shartinly, ma chewel."

Billy puts down the fiddle, and accompanies a sort of chorus by clapping his knees with both his hands:—

For to make the haggish nishie  
They put in some brown spische.  
Tarum tickle, tan dum,  
To the tune o' tan dum,  
Tarum tickle, tan dum.

And to make the haggish fine  
They put in a bottle of wine.  
Tarum tickle, tan dum,  
To the tune o' tan dum,  
Tarum tickle, tarum tickle tan dum.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," chuckles Billy when he had finished, "poor shoul, poor shoul!"

EDITOR.

### ALEXANDER DAVISON.

Nelson's great friend, Alexander Davison, lived in St. James's Square, London, and was a navy agent, a very lucrative business at the time of the French War. Nelson gave Davison the commission of selling the prizes taken at the Battle of the Nile. In gratitude for this, Davison presented to all the officers and men of the fleet with a handsome medal, gold for the captains, silver for the officers, and bronze for the men. One side of the medal represents the French fleet at anchor, and the English ships taking up their position in Aboukir Bay. Thus these gallant sea-dogs had from a private individual a recognition of their services which the nation withheld. When at Plymouth I was shown by a fine old sailor, a Mr. Masters, a Nile medal given to his father, or grandfather, who was captain of the maintop on board one of Nelson's ships.

B. REVELL, London.

## North-Country Wit & Humour.

### THE ARCHANGEL'S TRUMPET.

A miner belonging to Cambois, and a minister of the gospel belonging to Blyth, were standing close together looking at a ship that was wrecked near Blyth some years ago. The coastguard on duty told them that some one had stolen part of the cargo. The miner, speaking out, said, "Marra, but they wad steal the deed bodies tee if they wor onny use tiv 'em." Minister, looking very serious: "Ah, but they will have to give an account of it when the great archangel's trump calls them forth to the seat of judgment." Miner: "Had thy tongue, man! He'll never get a toot: they'll steal his trumpet tee!"

### STOPPING THE BLOWS.

At Bulman Village, now Gosforth, one pay Friday night, two miners, Willie and Jack, disagreeing over the parting of their money, determined to settle their difference by an appeal to fists, repairing for that purpose to a secluded corner of a neighbouring field. After going through the usual formalities on such like occasions, they set to work in earnest, but the encounter soon proved to be a very one-sided affair, Jack being invariably

knocked off his pins by one of Willie's desperate left-handers. "Come, Jack," said his second at the end of one of the rounds, "thoo'll hev to stop Willie's left-handers, or thoo's gan to get the warst on't." "Stop his left-handers!" exclaimed Jack in amazement; "aa's stopping 'em varry weel, aa think, when thor's neyn o' 'em gans past us!"

#### SHIPS AND DUCKS.

An old Northumbrian farmer, during a period of great depression, lost heavily in shipping shares. Going home from a shareholders' meeting in a state of desperation, he called for his gun. Then he commenced blazing away at the ducks on the pond in front of his house. "Waat in the world are ye deing that for?" cried the farmer's wife. "Nivvor thoo mind," replied the farmer; "ne mair float-ing property for me!"

#### THE TURKISH BATH.

Two West-Country farmers came to see "canny New-cassel." One of them, having read a good deal about the great benefits resulting from the Turkish bath, determined, when he had the chance, to have one. After his return, he was asked how he enjoyed his bath. "Gosh, man," he exclaimed, "they in the forst place put us in a het room, whor they half roasted us; then a chep came and tuik us into another room, when, after giving us a brushing and a scrubbing, he put us into a corner under a watter tap, and maist drooned us. When aa could ne langer stand it, aa seized the fellow by the collar and shouted that if he 'tempted to play onny mair of his pranks upon us aa wad knock his heed off. Ne mair Torkey baths for me; ne mair for me!"

#### A DOG DISPUTE.

Two miners once bought a dog, which succeeded in winning most of the rabbit courses in the village for the first year or two, but which, after that time, turned lazy. One of the owners got tired of the dog, and wished the other to sell out or buy his share of the animal. The first partner, however, would neither buy nor sell. Soon after he was rather surprised to see his companion putting about two ounces of shot into an old gun, and ramming it down vigorously. "Waat's thoo gannin' te de noo, Geordie?" "Aa's gannin' to shut ma haaf o' the dog. Thoo can de waat thoo likes wi' thy haaf!" It is needless to say they "arbitrated."

#### THE RECRUIT.

A pitman who had recently enlisted discovered a "marra" quartered in the same depôt to which he was drafted. As they were talking together in the mess room one morning, the following reassuring picture of the dangers of warfare was volunteered to the recruit by his "marra":—"Forst, thor's the cannon baall pure and simple. If that tyeaks ye in the wind, it's little good the doctor gieing ye peppermint. Then comes the cannistor shot; that reminds ye o' tea—gunpooder tea; it tyeaks mighty little time te draa, and it's elwis het and strang. Next comes the chain shot. That's two baalls wi' the

handshackles on, and yence they tyeak ye into custody it means the extreme penalty o' the laa. Then comes the shells. Some explodes wiv a time fuse, and some bang off whorivvor they hit; in eythor case ye needn't mind the shell, but lyuk oot for the bits. Then if ye get into the way o' the Gardiner or the Gatlin' guns, they mark ye warse nor the smaall-pox. And as for the ordinary rifle bullets, wey, they're caall'd 'iron and quinine pills'; yen or twe o' them at bedtime, or in the mornin', is warranted te cure aall irregularities. Noo, thor's the sargeant-major caallin' ye, an' it's varry likely ye'll get forty-eight hoors i' the black hole for not tyeekin yor kit up for inspection afore noo!"

#### THE COMET.

When a famous comet visited this part of the globe some forty or fifty years ago, a traveller on the Carlisle Railway, then newly opened, was heard to remark to his companion: "Hang it! the comet's wobbling about a mighty deal the neet—forst on yen side the carriage, and then on t'other!"

### North-Country Obituaries.

Dr. Craster, of Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough, the oldest medical practitioner in that town, died on the 16th of October, at the age of 59 years.

On the same day, died Mr. George Cleugh, J.P., ship-owner, of Earby House, Preston Lane, North Shields.

The Rev. John Black, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England, died at his residence, High-bury Grange, London, on the 20th of October. He was a native of Tyneside, his early life having been spent in South Shields, and for about twenty years he was minister of the North Bridge Street Presbyterian Church, Sunderland. He was for several years a member of the School Board in that town, and he was also for some time Clerk to the Presbytery. The remains of the deceased gentleman, who was 56 years of age, were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle.

On the 20th of October, the remains of Sergeant John Hall Hogg, who died on the 18th, were consigned to their last resting-place in Alnwick Cemetery. The deceased, who was 53 years old, had served for 21 years with the 1st Battalion of the 19th Regiment and 89th Regiment, and had been in several engagements in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny.

Mr. J. R. W. Hildyard, a justice of the peace for the county of Durham and the North Riding, died on the 24th of October, in the 75th year of his age. The deceased gentleman had large possessions at Hutton Bonville, in Yorkshire, and Horsley, Weardale.

On the 26th of October, Mr. Richard Crofton, the oldest farmer in the district, and well known for many acts of generosity, died at Whitehill, Chester-le-Street, at the age of 84 years.

Mr. Roger A. Elliott, of Low Fell, Gateshead, a gentleman well known in shipping circles, died at Milan, Italy, on the 27th of October.

The Rev. Cuthbert John Carr, M.A., Rector of Witton Gilbert, near Durham, died on the 30th of October, aged

75 years. The deceased gentleman, who had been stationed at Witton Gilbert about 35 years, was also a Minor Canon of Durham Cathedral.

On the 31st of October, intelligence reached Tyneside of the death of Mr. H. Sutherland-Sutton, a successful metropolitan journalist, and "The Man About Town" of the *County Gentleman*. The deceased, who assumed the name of Sutton at the commencement of his literary career in London, was the son of the late Mr. Solomon Sutherland, of North Shields, and nephew of the late Mr. Robert Sutherland, long the representative of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in that town.

On the 3rd of November, a telegram was received at Darlington, announcing the death of Mr. James Sawrey-Cookson, of Neasham Hall, which had taken place at Broughton Towers, his seat in Lancashire. The deceased gentleman was about 73 years of age, and succeeded his father as the owner of Neasham Hall and a fine estate about four miles from Darlington. He was a magistrate of the county of Durham and the North Riding, and about sixteen years since was High Sheriff of the county of Durham.

On the same day, and also at the age of 73, died Mr. Isaac Baty, solicitor, of Hexham. He was clerk to the Hexham Local Board, clerk to the Burial Board, treasurer to the Tynedale Ward Savings Bank, and vestry clerk for the parish. The deceased had also taken a prominent part in local Church matters.

Mr. Ralph Wood, who for nearly fifty years had been engaged as a clerk in the Newcastle Savings Bank, having been appointed in 1838, the year in which the late Mr. Joseph Millie met his tragic end, died on the 3rd of November, aged 77 years.

Mr. Patrick O'Hare, well known in commercial circles as of P. O'Hare and Company, died on the 5th of November, his age being 67 years.

On the 6th of November, the death was announced, in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. John Blagdon, one of the oldest shipowners of North Shields.

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## Record of Events.

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### North-Country Occurrences.

#### OCTOBER.

16.—The members of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom, opened their annual conference in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, Mr. B. G. Lake being president. The proceedings, which embraced a visit to the Roman Wall and the Chesters, the seat of Mr. John Clayton, the venerable solicitor and antiquary, extended over three days.

—On this and the following day, a conference of ministers and elders of the Northern Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church of England was held at South Shields.

17.—In the absence, through indisposition, of Mr. W. D. Seymour, Q.C., Recorder, Mr. John Strachan, barrister, officiated as Deputy-Recorder at the Newcastle Quarter Sessions.

—A scheme was adopted for the county of Northumberland as the basis of election and constitution of the new County Council under the Local Government Act.

It showed that the Council would consist of 60 members. On the 18th, a similar arrangement was adopted for the county of Durham, the number of councillors being fixed at 72.

—The Rev. Canon Gregory, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, spoke at a meeting of the North of England Voluntary School Federation in Newcastle. On the same evening, he preached in St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle.

—The twentieth annual service of song by the Wesleyan Methodist choirs of Northumberland and Durham, numbering a thousand voices, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—It was announced that Haughton Castle, North Tyne, the late residence of Mr. George Crawshaw, had been purchased by Mr. W. D. Cruddas, of Newcastle.

18.—A beautiful illuminated address and a silver centre-piece, standing upon a plateau, were presented to the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens), in recognition of his arduous and unremitting labours on behalf of the temperance cause. The Mayoress, on the same occasion, was presented with a handsome and well-appointed cabinet.

—The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, addressed a large meeting in the Tynemouth Aquarium, under the auspices of the Conservative Associations of the North of England.

—Mr. Cremer, M.P., delivered an address on "War or Arbitration," in the Drysdale Hall, Marlborough Crescent, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. T. Burt, M.P.

19.—A branch of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was formed at Sunderland.

—In the course of some alterations made in connection with Sunderland Parish Church, the contractor removed the original reading-desk and the panelling of the freemen's pews, on which was placed a brass tablet, with the inscription, "The Property of the Freemen of the ancient Borough of Sunderland," but the two relics were subsequently restored to the church.

—The will of the late Mr. Alfred Backhouse, of Pilmore Hall, was lodged for probate, the personal estate being affirmed to be of the net value of £369,911 1s. 1d.

20.—The members of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders paid a visit to the Hartlepool.

21.—The first of a series of Sunday afternoon services, at which sacred music was given by Mr. Amers's orchestral band, was held in Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, the officiating ministers being the Rev. R. B. Shepherd and the Rev. G. Talalun Newton.

22.—Mr. Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company commenced a week's engagement at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

—The engineers of the Stockton-on-Tees district received an advance of 1s. per week upon their wages.

—The steamer *Triumph*, of Sunderland, was sunk by collision with the Spanish steamer *Rivas* in Shields Harbour.

23.—Four elegant vases, the gift of Councillor Matthewson, were placed in Shieldfield Park, Newcastle, by the Town Improvement Committee.

—The steamer *Labrador*, which had been engaged, under the command of Captain Wiggins, in an endeavour to open up an oversea trade with Siberia, arrived in the Tyne. (See pp. 429, 527.)



—In the Newcastle County Court, Judge Holl made an order for the winding up of the New Bridge Building Society.

24.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Council, Dr. William Rea tendered his resignation, which was accepted, of the office of City Organist.

—John Edward Newton, a boy two years of age, was accidentally killed by a steam tramcar in Askew Road, Gateshead.

—St. Christopher's Mission Chapel, Fisher Hill, Low Walker, erected at a cost of £600, was dedicated by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—At an adjourned inquest, the coroner's jury returned a verdict finding that the young woman Jane Beadmore had met her death at the hands of some person or persons unknown; but, on the following day, the magistrates at Chester-le-Street committed William Waddle for trial on the charge. (See p. 526.)

25.—In presence of a large and representative assembly, the South Gare Breakwater, starting from Tod Point and extending two-and-a-half miles into the estuary of the Tees, was dedicated to national use by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury. The work, which had been carried out by the Tees Conservancy Commission, at a net cost of about £220,000, had occupied nearly a quarter of a century in execution, the comparative cheapness being accounted for by the large extent to which iron slag had been used in the operations. In celebration of the event a splendid banquet was subsequently given in the Royal Exchange, Middlesbrough, the chair being occupied by Sir J. W. Pease, chairman of the Commission. Mr. Smith was the principal guest, and among the speakers on the occasion was Mr. William Fallows, a member of the Commission, in his 92nd year.

—Damage, estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000, was caused by a fire which broke out on the premises of Messrs. A. Corder and Son, Fawcett Street, one of the largest firms of drapers in Sunderland.

26.—Blenheim Street Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, celebrated its jubilee.

—Lord Armstrong presented prizes to the successful students connected with the Elswick Works Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle.

—The first public lecture in connection with the Tyne-side Geographical Society was delivered by Mr. Eli Sowerbutts, of Manchester.

27.—It was announced that the contributions towards the Imperial Institute in the county of Northumberland, the city of Newcastle, and the borough of Berwick-on-Tweed, amounted to upwards of £3,000.

—The value of the personal estate under the will of the late Colonel Atkinson, of Angerton Hall, Morpeth, was declared at £54,224 3s. 5d.

—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, formerly member of Parliament, and known as the seaman's friend, took part in a meeting held at Leamside, for the purpose of protesting against the closing of certain footpaths in that neighbourhood.

—In the district of Newcastle and Gateshead, the annual collections were made at most of the factories and workshops on behalf of the Hospital Fund; and the following day Hospital Sunday was observed in the churches and chapels. In the latter department, the lead was taken by Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, which raised £94 7s. 4d., as against £73 0s. 11d. in the previous year.

—A new drill-hall built at Seaham Harbour for the

2nd Durham Volunteers, and capable of accommodating 4,000 persons, was opened by the Marchioness of Londonderry, whose husband, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was also present on the occasion.

—Sir G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., addressed a largely attended political meeting at Morpeth.

—An advance of 1½ per cent. was officially declared in the wages of the Durham miners under the sliding scale arrangement.

28.—A man, whose name did not transpire, was drowned while foolishly attempting to swim across the river Tyne at Barrasford.

29.—Mr. Plimsoll was present and spoke at the first annual meeting of the Sunderland Branch of the Sailors' National Union.

—At a meeting of the Arbitration Board for the North of England Iron Trade, it was resolved to refer a demand for an advance of 10 per cent. by the men to arbitration.

30.—A deputation from the Rouen Chamber of Commerce, headed by the president, M. Pouyer-Quertier, visited Newcastle for the purpose of discussing shipping questions affecting the two countries. The gentlemen were welcomed by the Mayor, and were entertained to a banquet at the County Hotel in the evening. On the following day they inspected the river Tyne and the principal works on its banks.

—The fifth Diocesan Conference of the diocese of Newcastle was held in the Central Hall, Newcastle. The Bishop presided, and the proceedings extended over two days.

—The fourteenth annual assembly of the Durham Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was held at Sunderland.

31.—Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Tasmania, accepted the post of coadjutor to the Bishop of Durham, and the latter prelate issued a letter, stating that, in strict obedience to medical orders, he had been obliged to leave his diocese for a prolonged visit, to a warmer climate.

—An interesting sale of books, oil paintings, and other works of art, the property of the late John Waller, took place at the Royal Turf Hotel, Collingwood Street, Newcastle. Among the books was a unique copy of Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle," interleaved with original drawings, which realised £24 10s., the purchaser being Mr. J. W. Pease, of Pendower. (See vol. i., p. 172.) A fine picture of St. Nicholas' Church, by T. M. Richardson, was bought for £60. The celebrated "Tam o' Shanter" carvings, by Tweedy, brought £59.

#### NOVEMBER.

1.—Mr. Joicey, M.P., opened a new Church Institute in James Street, Gateshead.

—On the occasion of the annual municipal elections, there was only one contest in Newcastle. Mr. Flowers defeated Mr. Telford in North Elswick Ward, taking the place of Mr. Samuel Dixon, who retired from civic life on account of ill-health. The only other change in the constitution of the Council was that Mr. John Beattie, unopposed, took the place of Mr. Campbell, resigned, in North Westgate. There were four contests at Gateshead; but West Hartlepool was the only local borough in which the elections were conducted on purely political grounds.

—Some human remains were found by workmen in repairing the pavement in Nun Street, Newcastle.

2.—A society called the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Musical

Society, constituted by license from the Board of Trade, was registered at Somerset House, London.

—The Bishop of Newcastle consecrated the new burial ground of St. Margaret's, Durham.

—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, was celebrated at Spenny-moor.

3.—At a largely attended and influential meeting in Gateshead Council Chamber, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. G. Davidson), Mr. John Elliott, Chief-Constable, was presented with a handsome address, a purse containing 300 guineas, and a diamond and gold brooch for Mrs. Elliott. Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. James Radford, Alderman McDermott, and Alderman Lucas were among the speakers on the occasion. The gifts were intended as tokens of the high appreciation in which Mr. Elliott was held by the inhabitants of the borough and of the respect entertained for him on account of the many

parish church, the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Newcastle. On the morning of the 5th, about mid-day, the distinguished visitors arrived in Newcastle to take part in the inauguration of the new buildings of the College of Science at Barras Bridge. The Corporation of Newcastle, headed by the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens), presented a loyal address to the Princess. There was a procession from the Central Station to the College. Dr. Lake, the Dean of Durham, and Warden of the University, presented her Royal Highness with a master-key of the building, which she then formally declared open. The Princess afterwards inaugurated an Arbor Day, under the auspices of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society, by planting a sycamore in the adjoining grounds. The Mayor, on behalf of the society, handed to the Princess a handsomely bound copy of the "History of Newcastle and Gateshead," by Mr. Richard Welford. The party then proceeded to the Assembly



PRINCESS LOUISE.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

good works with which he had been associated outside his public duties as Chief-Constable.

—The wife of Mr. John McGravy, residing at Rendlesham Street, Monkwearmouth, gave birth to four children—three boys and a girl. At the request of the doctor in attendance, each infant received its baptismal name. Two of the children died after having lived 20 and 21 hours respectively. The two others expired almost simultaneously, having survived for nearly two days.

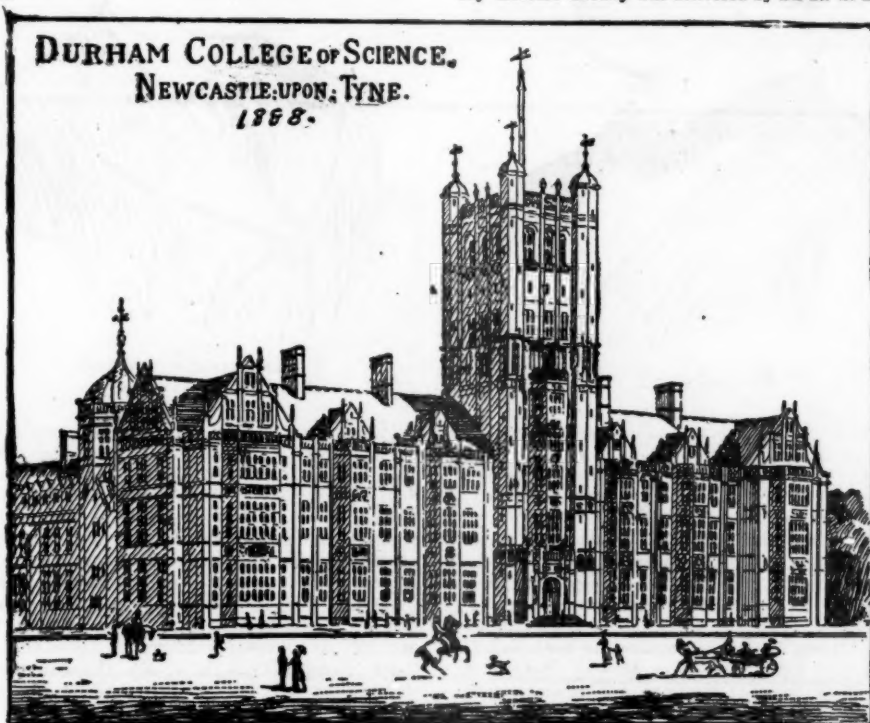
—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, third daughter of Queen Victoria, accompanied by her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, arrived at Alnwick Castle from Glasgow, as the guests of the Duke of Northumberland. Next morning (Sunday) the party attended service at the

Rooms, where luncheon was provided, about 250 guests being present. Gateshead was next visited, and in the Town Hall of that borough the Princess received an address from the Mayor and Corporation, her Royal Highness afterwards presenting prizes to the successful pupils of the High School for Girls. The Princess and party returned to Alnwick in the evening, and on the following day they paid a visit to Lord and Lady Armstrong at Cragside. Connected with these proceedings we give sketches of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne; Mr. W. D. Stephens, Mayor of Newcastle; Professor Garnett, Principal of the College; the front elevation of the College, as originally designed by Mr. R. J. Johnson; and the Gateshead High School



for Girls, designed by Mr. W. Lister Newcombe, architect.

4.—The first lecture of the session of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was delivered by Sir R. S. Ball, the



Irish Astronomer-Royal, who chose for his subject "How Jupiter and Venus caused the Great Ice Age." There was a crowded audience.

### General Occurrences.

#### OCTOBER.

17.—Count Di Robilant, the Italian Ambassador to England, died at the Embassy, London. Born at Turin in 1826, he fought in all the wars of Italian Independence.

21.—A frightful disaster occurred on the railway near Posenza, Italy. An enormous block of earth fell from a mountain side and completely covered the railway track for a space of fifty yards. Before the danger was seen, an express train dashed into the mass of soil. About 19 persons were killed, and about 55 injured.

22.—The Special Commission appointed by Parliament to inquire into the charges and allegations contained in the Attorney-General's speech in the case of O'Donnell v. Walters (see p. 384), respecting "Parnellism and Crime," re-assembled in the Royal Courts of Justice, London. The first five days were occupied by the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) in opening the case for the *Times*. Witnesses were then called, the first of importance being Captain O'Shea.

24.—Annie Frost, otherwise "Mrs. Gordon Baillie," an adventuress who had pursued till now a strange and successful career in Scotland and elsewhere, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for passing off a number of worthless cheques. Robert Frost was sentenced to 18 months' hard labour.

29.—Lord Sackville, the British Ambassador at Washington, having been hoaxed into writing a letter in which

he had given advice on American politics to a supposed native of England, it was contended by the United States Government that he had violated international treaties. His lordship subsequently obtained leave of absence.

—150 natives were reported to have been killed and eaten by a hostile tribe in West Africa.

31.—Information was received of an accident to a railway train in which the Czar and Czarina of Russia were travelling. The train ran off the rails near Borki, in South Russia, the result being that twenty-one persons were killed and thirty-seven injured, amongst the latter being the Czar and Czarina. Their wounds, however, were only slight. The accident was supposed to be due to the defective state of the line, though it was thought by some that the Nihilists were at the bottom of it. The director of the railway, who was to have been dismissed, committed suicide.

#### NOVEMBER.

1.—A telegram was received from Zanzibar announcing that couriers had arrived from Zabora bringing direct news of Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition. It was to the effect that nearly a year ago the great explorer was alive and well. It had taken that length of time for the information to reach the coast.

4.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in the Compagnac coalpit, Aveyron, France. Forty miners were reported to have perished.

—The Newcastle steamer Saxmundham was sunk by collision with the Norwegian barque *Nor*, of Tonsberg, in the English Channel. The crew of the Saxmundham numbered thirty men, and only seventeen had been accounted for. The others were supposed to be lost.





